



TOP



ST_XI_KINK

☐ READABILITY

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PART THIRTEEN [CLOSED]



Star Trek Anon Meme Mod

st_anon

<https://st-anon.livejournal.com/>

st_xi_kink

<https://st-xi-kink.livejournal.com/>

2009-08-19 20:46:00

PREVIOUS PARTS ON THIS TAG (<http://community.livejournal.com>

/st_xi_kink/tag/kink+meme)

NEXT PART (<http://community.livejournal.com>
/st_xi_kink/8893.html)

Discussion post (http://community.livejournal.com/st_xi_kink/2050.html)

ATTN: regarding reposts

As a new guideline: for the time being, I'd like to put a damper on the re-requesting going on. **Please only re-request something if it has been more than a month since you asked for it and it still hasn't been filled.** I'd like to remind everyone that old parts still have many unfilled requests, and ask that everyone remember to try and look through said old parts as well as the shiny new ones, for that matter.

This is nigh-on impossible to truly mod, I know. So I'm trusting you guys here. Since you're all so win-tastic and awesome. <3

NEW RULE:

Do NOT post recent spoilers for fandoms outside of Star Trek. Use your own discretion on time periods, but seriously, don't be an arsehole about it. If you really MUST, make your text white through HTML and utilise it as makeshift spoiler tags (highlight to read, etc.)

ARCHIVING

Is now a group effort! See

🌈 (<http://community.livejournal.com/stxikinkarchive/profile>) **stxikinkarchive** (<http://community.livejournal.com/stxikinkarchive/>) for how to help! <3

Do not post new requests on part one/part two/part three/etc. or they will be deleted. However, if you see a prompt there you like, please feel free to fill it and reply to the comment on the 'Part One'/'Part Two'/etc. post!

STAR TREK XI KINK MEME

Kink what?

What is a kink meme? Pretty self explanatory, actually. You request a pairing and a prompt/kink anonymously, and someone else (or several someone elses for that matter) will be able to fill that request- also anonymously. Fun way to get fic, fun way to find fic to write, and good if you're embarrassed to post! Fun for the whole fami- oh. Er, maybe not. You know what I mean! (Note that while this is called a kink meme, the rules are pretty fast and loose. Nonexplicit fic is also allowed, though pure gen is generally discouraged.

ETA: However. I'll be pretty lax about that as well, I think, so long as an emphasis is placed on either a) kinky stuff or b) some form of character relationship, even non sexual/romantic. But please, bear in mind this is a kink meme first and foremost, guys? :)

Rules

- ◆ Post requests and responses in the comments to this post.
- ◆ Be respectful. As fanficrants says: saying 'your kink is not OK' generally makes you look like a total dickhead.
- ◆ Both a pairing/character AND a prompt/kink must be posted.
- ◆ One pairing/prompt per post please.
- ◆ You are encouraged to try and write a prompt for every request you make.
- ◆ We are slash, femslash, het, three-and-moresomes etc. friendly.
- ◆ No pairing bashing, OK? No need to wank over ships.
- ◆ Long and short fics welcome. Multiple responses encouraged!
- ◆ Going 'seconded' isn't banned as it were, but I'd rather you used the comments for more productive things please?
- ◆ **New!** On RPF: Please disclaim that it is RPF, a work of fiction and in no way related to the actual actors/persons/etc. RPF is only permitted if at least one Star Trek *character* is involved as well.
- ◆ **New!** Many guidelines are quite long winded and thus not included here. Please see the posts to the community on the 'mod', 'info' or 'rules' tags if you are unsure of anything. **This especially goes for rules concerning discussion of prompts and how to deal with wank.**
- ◆ **New!** Guidelines on RP in the kink meme [here](http://community.livejournal.com/st_xi_kink/6572.html) (http://community.livejournal.com/st_xi_kink/6572.html).

Have fun!

THERE WILL BE UNMARKED SPOILERS FOR STAR TREK. Enter at own risk!
:D

[Unfilled requests! \(http://delicious.com/st_xi_kinkunfilled\)](http://delicious.com/st_xi_kinkunfilled)

Filled Requests! (http://delicious.com/st_xi_kink)

TAGS: [kink meme](#), [mod](#)



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PARTNER NEWS

[Diigo backup](#)

Here's the Diigo account I've backed up the fills on- they should all show up soon. It may take up to 24 hours (they're

[Regarding Delicious](#)

Hey all. It's been a while, I know. As some of you are no doubt aware (since, well, you PMed me, haha- thank you for

[I'm sure we all saw this coming](#)

I'm officially closing st_xi_kink. Not due to any recent problems, arguments, discussions or wank, may I add. Pure

[6801 comments](#)



[Because Spock and Chocolate are my OTP](#)

Anonymous

[August 23 2009, 02:14:58 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

There have been many, many chocolate-covered Vulcan prompts (now **there's** an idea) but I'm posting another one here in hopes it will actually be filled.

I kind of get off on the sensuality of eating. Especially eating "forbidden" things like cake, ice cream, candy, etc. I'd like to have someone feed Spock chocolate (it's handporn!), and having Spock be unable to control his appetite.



[Re: Because Spock and Chocolate are my OTP](#)

Anonymous

[August 23 2009, 02:31:24 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

This would totally push my feeder-y buttons. Maybe I'll write it. What exactly turns you on about this? Your kink might not be identical to mine, and I don't want to fuck it up.



[Re: Because Spock and Chocolate are my OTP ~ OP Explains](#)

Anonymous

[August 23 2009, 02:53:14 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Ha, a fellow feeder! **gives you a high five**

What turns me on about it? Loss of control. Gluttony. Satiation. All the sucking and the licking that goes with eating. That enough?

|

L



Re: Because Spock and Chocolate are my OTP ~ OP Explains P.S.

Anonymous

August 23 2009, 02:56:46 UTC COLLAPSE

And, uh, if you got his tummy to stick out a little bit from the over-indulgence, that would be nice...

L



Re: Because Spock and Chocolate are my OTP ~ OP Explains P.S.

Anonymous

August 23 2009, 05:11:43 UTC COLLAPSE

FFFFF OKAY THIS IS SO HOT I'M GOING TO WRITE IT TOMORROW IF IT KILLS ME

L



Re: Because Spock and Chocolate are my OTP ~ OP Explains P.S.

Anonymous

August 23 2009, 12:16:11 UTC COLLAPSE

The OP loves you. This'll be the first request I've ever had filled, ever. :D

L



Re: Because Spock and Chocolate are my OTP ~ OP Explains P.S.

 thessaliad

August 23 2009, 17:22:26 UTC COLLAPSE

I would love you forever if you filled this. Even if the reasons feeding gets me hot are different than yours, how many feeding fics are there, anyway?

Handfeeding is my fave D/s activity. Yum.

L



FILLED (1/2) but someone else should do it too because this ain't so great

Anonymous

August 23 2009, 18:15:07 UTC COLLAPSE

No real beginning or end, written in one spurt (lol) during a bout of insomnia, but maybe it'll strike your fancy anyway.

Spock was restrained in the Captain's bed, his wrists lashed to opposite corners of the mattress. His face was expressionless, his eyes closed as if in meditation.

Kirk straddled him, leaned down and whispered in his ear. "I want to see you lose control."

Spock sighed deeply but remained motionless.

"You trust me. I know you trust me. So tell me: what will make you completely lose it?"

"It is not traditionally sexual."

"That's okay. Just talk to me. Brainstorm."

Spock's voice dropped to a whisper. "Chocolate."

"What?" Kirk narrowly avoided laughing.

"I have difficulty controlling my impulses when eating chocolate."

"Okay. Okay. We can work with this. Would you like me to feed you some chocolate?"

Spock's eyes flew open, wild-looking. Kirk had never seen anyone look so scared of dessert.

"You don't need to do anything you're uncomfortable with. You can use the safeword."

Spock paused, regarded him appraisingly. "I consent."

"Okay then." Kirk smiled and brushed a finger along Spock's cheek before standing up to go to the replicator. He had no idea how this was going to play out, and he felt more than a little silly, but confidence would make Spock more comfortable with the idea of kink. He requested a bar of dark chocolate from the replicator, then moved to sit on the edge of the bed.

Spock shifted restlessly while he unwrapped the bar and broke off a square. "I'm going to feed this to you now. Would you

like that?"

Spock, eyes closed again nodded wordlessly. As he brought the square near his lover's mouth, Spock's nostrils flared and he let his mouth fall open. Kirk delicately, he hoped sensually, slid the chocolate between his lips.

Spock moaned. And then--oh, this was weird!--crunchily chewed and swallowed as quickly as possible.

"No, you can't do it like that. You have to savor it. Let it melt on your tongue." He tried again.

At first, Spock lay there, completely still, breathing deeply through his nose. Then his breath began to quicken gradually until he was panting.

"You can swallow now."

Spock gulped it down. His eyes flew open. "More."

Before long, the entire chocolate bar was gone and Spock had come undone. He was writhing, groaning, arching his back, licking his lips, and just in general acting like he was getting his cock sucked. Except when Kirk went down on him it wasn't like this at all, I mean, Spock clearly enjoyed it, but the most he got was heavy breathing and full sentences of verbal encouragement. Watching Spock lose control was even more arousing than he'd expected, and he was most of the way to hard as Spock sucked the last smudges of chocolate off his fingertips.

Then Spock looked his Captain straight in the eye and in an urgent baritone said, "Feed me, Jim," and Kirk was completely rock hard and wondering why Spock's ravenousness was part of the turn-on.

You know what?, he thought. If this turns you on, just go with it. You like it, he likes it, and it's time to stop worrying about how goddamn weird it is.

L



FILLED (2/2)

Anonymous

[August 23 2009, 18:16:06 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

He decided he wanted to see how much the Vulcan could eat and asked the replicator for a plate of hot brownies. Then an entire chocolate cake. The food seemed to be disappearing faster and faster. Spock's normally-flat stomach had begun to distend and dammit, that was hot too. He unfastened the restraints. "Stay still. I'm only doing this so I can take off your shirt." He grabbed the bottom hem and pushed it up over his first officer's rounded, green-tinged belly. Spock arched into the touch. "God, you're--do you want to stop? I'm afraid you're going to hurt yourself."

"My metabolism is--" he paused for a moment to gasp for air-- "extremely efficient." Spock bit his lip. "Please, more, Jim. I'm--hungry."


And at that, Kirk couldn't help palming himself through his pants. "You know what? I'm going to leave you untied. I want to watch you feed yourself." He brought over a tray of the messiest treats he could think of: chocolate ice cream sandwiches. Spock inhaled the first three, then seemed to slow down, but only slightly. Maybe he was getting full? He practically fellated the fourth one--Kirk unzipped his pants at this point-- slurped down the fifth, moved onto a sixth and holy shit that was a lot of food and Kirk was jerking himself watching Spock eat and what the HELL was going on.

Watching Spock eat reminded Kirk just how alien his lover was. (Not that he thought all Vulcans did whatever this was.) He looked like some kind of insect devouring its prey (or maybe a praying mantis consuming her mate). He couldn't have eaten faster if he'd unhinged his jaw. "God, you're such a glutton." Spock moaned loudly around a mouthful of ice cream. "You really get off on filling your belly, don't you?" Spock nodded, finishing the sandwich. His chin and hands were covered in melted ice cream. "You've made such a mess of yourself." Kirk leaned in, not taking his hand off his cock, and licked one corner of Spock's mouth, kissed his lips. "Why don't you clean yourself up?" And Spock was slurping at his hands, fucking his mouth with his own fingers, moaning and grunting and thrusting at thin air. Kirk sensed that he was close and yanked down his pants just in time to watch his lover's come jet in an arc all over his swollen abdomen.

"God DAMN." He gave Spock a minute to come down from the orgasm--probably less time than he needed, but Kirk was impatient and aching hard--before he yanked off the rest of their clothing and positioned himself between Spock's legs. He ran his fingers through the mess on Spock's stomach and fisted his cock roughly a few times before pressing slowly against Spock's asshole. There was almost no resistance. Spock was boneless and sated and drunk and gorgeous and Kirk couldn't help but shove the rest of the way in.

Spock groaned weakly and regarded him with lidded eyes. "There is no need for restraint." That was all the permission Kirk needed, and after a few desperate thrusts he shuddered, digging his fingers into Spock's hips, and spent himself.

After a moment of lying on top of Spock's warm body, there was a whisper in his ear. "You are on my stomach. I feel I may be ill."

 **Re: FILLED (2/2) ~ The OP Reacts**
Anonymous
[August 23 2009, 19:42:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

"After a moment of lying on top of Spock's warm body, there was a whisper in his ear. 'You are on my stomach. I feel I may be ill.'"

Guh.


You know, I really like how this went. I agree it can be made better (maybe change Spock's dialogue to something that reminds me less of Little Shop of Horrors?) but there were so many things in this that hit me where I live. The being tied to the bed. The fact that Jim thought it was silly but in the end was like, You know, whatever works is great! Taking Spock's shirt off and the color of his tummy. And, oh yes, this:

"Kirk had never seen anyone look so scared of dessert.



'You don't need to do anything you're uncomfortable with. You can use the safeword.'"

I <3 how chocolate needs a safeword! :D

So Anon, you made my day. And heck, now that I have a framework, I might someday become brave enough to rewrite it myself! In the meantime, anyone else wanna have another go?

 **Re: FILLED (2/2) ~ The OP Reacts**
Anonymous
[August 23 2009, 20:11:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You know what? Halfway through I found myself thinking, "It would be nice if someone would help me out with this, because I'm too lazy to actually make it good. Maybe people should've RP'd it or something." So, sure, it's yours now.

 **In which the chocolate-covered madness continues**
 [i_msoashamed](#)
[August 24 2009, 19:49:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Just a taste, since I don't have time to write a whole story today.

I think we should get Bones in here too, because face it: the man needs to get laid more often.

* * *

Kirk was studying his next move when McCoy said, "Jim."

"Hmm?" Kirk followed McCoy's gaze to Spock, who was practically fellating an ice cream sandwich.

"Have you ever seen him do that before?"

"No..."

"How many of those has he had?"

"Seven, doctor," Spock gaily, and hiccuped.

* * *

"Careful--!" said Kirk, just as Spock fell on top of Bones. In a move that shocked everyone but the Vulcan,

Spock kissed McCoy on the mouth.

"Christ," McCoy gasped. "Your mouth's cold--" But he sounded wondering rather than complaining. "And your stomach's cold too--Jesus, Spock..."

* * *

"Bones? Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Are you kidding?" said Bones as he stripped off his shirt. "I'm never going to get a chance to do *this* again."

Kirk sat down on the bed behind the Vulcan and drew him into an embrace. As the two of them made out, Bones noticed his hands kept lingering over Spock's rounded tummy.



Re: FILLED (2/2)

thessaliad

August 23 2009, 20:43:12 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, and you included handfeeding, which totally made my day.

I love how Jim is being so supportive of Spock and his needs.

Can you see Jim just drawing out one day, a tiny piece of chocolate at a time? I may have to write this.



Teh OP Approves

Anonymous

August 23 2009, 22:41:16 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

"Can you see Jim just drawing out one day, a tiny piece of chocolate at a time?"

I guess you mean "drawing Spock out one day"? But yeah, I can see it. Jim would somehow learn of Spock's kink and start carrying around squares of Ghirardelli in his pockets to hand feed to Spock between shifts. This would go on for like, a month, until finally Kirk had broken down all of Spock's inhibitions and we get the scene of chocolately debachery described above?

I'd also like to add I'm amazed this prompt got filled so quick, and there's at least two other people on this meme that have my kink. If I'm going to be a perv, I'd might as well not perv alone. XD



Re: FILLED (2/2)

asimaiyat

August 24 2009, 04:46:50 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

whoa, unexpected hotness!

Your kink has an excellent recruitment program.



The OP exposes herself

i_msoashamed

August 24 2009, 04:56:45 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

It really seems to. I guess I can quit hiding now that there are at least three of us.



Re: FILLED (2/2)

Anonymous

August 24 2009, 07:03:53 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

sjakhndjkdjndnsdd

I'm flailing and kicking at this hotness and I want more prompts like this :3

I'm soooooo with you on this kink. Unffftfffff.



Re: FILLED (2/2)

Anonymous

August 28 2009, 10:19:46 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

and Kirk was jerking himself watching Spock eat and what the HELL was going on. <-- This was totally me when I discovered I had this kink, a couple of years ago.

T-this was so hot. Unf.



Re: FILLED (2/2)

[brererabbit](#)

September 18 2009, 07:29:49 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

After a moment of lying on top of Spock's warm body, there was a whisper in his ear. "You are on my stomach. I feel I may be ill."

thats so romantic spock- i would expect no less XDDDDDD



I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 1/?

[ladydreamer](#)

August 26 2009, 05:57:30 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I have to go to bed, but I'll keep working on this. Let's see how far into Hell I can damn myself. (Poor Spock)

Warning: non-con feeding :P

As Spock slowly came to, there was a distinct ringing sensation in his head. He surmised quite correctly that he had lost consciousness when the landing party had been unexpectedly attacked on the surface. With a sweeping glance, Spock surmised that he was being held underground, likely by the Lar'Gess, a faction of the ruling species of this planet, the Kram. He gazed up at the shackles keeping him in place. There would be no pulling his hands out of those tight restraints.

His conclusions were confirmed when the force field on the open end of his cell, and a tall, angular alien stepped inside. Like the Sleem'Faz, who the Federation had been in talks with, the alien had short white hair, elongated ears, and skin that almost shone with a rich burnished orange color. It took Spock a moment to assess his captor, and he raised his brow at her derisively.

"A Vulcan. How fun," she purred, standing over him with her hands behind her back. It seemed that the Kram were, like Vulcans, touch telepaths, so it was understandable that even if he were to be tortured, they would avoid making contact. Fortunately for Spock, he was also aware that Kram could only process emotions, not images or words, and therefore they would not be able to use their abilities to force information out of him.

"I am told by my crewmates that I am in fact not 'fun.' I would not wish to dampen your hopes so quickly," Spock replied.

She blinked and tilted her head to the side. "What I love about Vulcans is how difficult it is to draw you out. It's the build up, you know. The tension. It mounts, *swells*..."

Her slim white tongue slipped over her orange lips as she looked down on Spock. Then she crouched beside him, flashing an almost feral grin. Her long fingers trailed over the side of Spock's face, as her bright silver eyes met his.

"Such restraint. Let's see what we can do about that." She rose and motioned to someone outside of the cell.

"I must warn you; whatever torture you have planned for me, I will not give you information on the Federation. It is logical for you to try, but I urge you not to waste your resources beyond reason..."

Spock trailed off as another Lar'Gess came into the room rolling a cart. There was a large glass vessel filled with a viscous blue liquid with shining little flecks, and what appeared to be... a plate of chocolate? Spock was skeptical on this point, as it was unlikely that other M Class planets would naturally be able to grow cacao beans.

"See something you like?" His captor's hips swayed to the side, and she looked down on him with a slight smirk. "I'm told that the Vulcan palate lends itself mostly to Plomeek soup and raw vegetables. What a sad existence you must endure. We

Lar'Gess enjoy a wide variety of foods. It makes life so much more worth living."

"On the contrary, as we Vulcans eschew emotion, it does not follow that we would have any feeling toward our meals beyond the physical sensation of being sated or unsated."

"Fascinating," the woman drawled. She poured the blue liquid into a small bowl that fit in the palm of her hand. "Restrain him."

Spock's eyes flitted over to the two guards who entered. He put up a good effort to resist, but between the two of them, they held his head back and pried his jaws apart.

"Open wide, Vulcan," she purred, pouring the liquid down Spock's throat.

He made an effort to spit it up, but the guard pressed his hand over Spock's mouth, and Spock found himself involuntarily swallowing.

"Mmm, yummy. Doesn't that feel nice?" His captor quirked her mouth to the side and watched him closely. "What Vulcans need, I think, is a little indulgence."



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 2/?

[ladydreamer](#)

[August 26 2009, 05:58:15 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

She broke off a piece of the chocolate and held it in front of him. Spock examined her and the chocolate for a long time. Eventually, the guards had let him go, and nothing was keeping him there but the shackles.

Almost involuntarily, he leaned toward the chocolate. Spock managed to stop himself, but the impulse to eat the chocolate was strong. It took everything he had to control himself.

"Looks good, doesn't it? Delicious, delectable. Sinful." She licked her lips again and waved the chocolate back and forth. Spock found himself watching it with his eyes.

"It... it is illogical. Chocolate is not nourishing. I do not need it," Spock ground out through his teeth.

The woman's grin widened. "Oh, you don't want it? Maybe you're not hungry enough."

She raised the chocolate to her lips then licked over it slowly, then sucked it into her mouth slowly. In, out, in, out, she breathed and sighed and groaned. When the piece was gone, she looked at Spock with a smile, a smudge of chocolate on the corner of her mouth. She leaned over and pushed her chocolate smeared fingers into Spock's mouth, and he found himself sucking on her fingers helplessly. With a laugh she removed her hand and motioned to the two guards, who left the room.

"That's what you can call me, by the way," she said as she left. "Hunger."

Spock stopped himself from lunging at the cart. He took a deep breath as he felt his stomach twinge, then let his head fall back against the cold, wet wall. He frowned at the ceiling of his cell in frustration. What was happening to him?



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 2/?

[i_msoashamed](#)

[August 26 2009, 18:00:11 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I also like how when we want to see all the comments we have to hit "expand". XD

Re: "Poor Spock"

Spock's like Gumby in that us writers feel free to abuse him in all kinds of fantastic ways. I like where this is going, so we can keep each other company in the special hell.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 2/?

[Anonymous](#)

[August 26 2009, 22:49:10 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Niiiice. Writer of previous fill here. Can't wait to see where this goes.

"I am told by my crewmates that I am in fact not 'fun.'" A+, Spock, would lol again.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 2/?

i_msoashamed

August 27 2009, 23:24:41 UTC **COLLAPSE**

I have so been looking forward to how this will end I've come up with my own ending: you should leave Spock down there for a long time, and when he's finally rescued, Chekov comes in the room first--and finds out about the kink he didn't know he had. :D

Roasts marshmallows over the flames of special hell. We can use 'em to make s'mores to feed to Spock!



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 2/?

Anonymous

August 28 2009, 02:50:58 UTC **COLLAPSE**

I like how in most fics I've read, Chekov is always subject to having the crazy-ass closet kinks. Pavel, you horny little perv. XD

(He's like the embodiment of everyone on this kinkmeme XD)



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 3/?

ladydreamer

August 28 2009, 00:13:07 UTC **COLLAPSE**

Hunger clapped her hands as she strolled into the room once more. "Your strength of will is admirable, Vulcan. You should be proud."

Spock had lost track of how many hours he had been captive here. There was no knowing how long he had been unconscious, and therefore, it was illogical to waste his mental efforts trying to mark the time. Either the crew would find him, or they would not. Either he would see an opportunity for escape, or he would not. However, his mind would not be free to spot his opportunities if he allowed himself to be preoccupied with panicking over his captivity.

"There is no pride involved in the matter. There is only logic and reason. It is logical to center myself and martial my resources," Spock informed her. He sat cross-legged with his hands resting lightly on his knees. He had spent the time between their meetings in meditation, and that had helped him to ignore the pangs he had begun to feel inside him since she had given him the blue liquid. Somewhat. He was all too aware of the chocolate's presence, in a way that he had never given attention to any food item before this day.

"Hm." Hunger poured another cup of the blue liquid, then swirled it around in her hand. "The Kram are a bit famous for this drink, you know. Or infamous, you might say. On the black market."

"It is... an interesting substance." Spock arched his eyebrow and watched her. He knew they were going to drug him again. Rather than struggle, he lifted his chin and watched Hunger lowering herself before him. When he did not move, she smiled.

"It is called Ippai," she said, tilting his head back with one hand, cradling it gentle as she raised the cup to his lips. "No one has been able to resist, Vulcan. None of your kind, or any other. It heightens desire, makes one insatiable. Sensation, raw hunger, for whatever appetites you suppress..."

She tipped the cup into his mouth and the thick liquid ran down his throat. Then his hand pressed against her face.

So enthralled in her own speech, Hunger hadn't heard or noticed him moving, and quickly he scanned the surface of her thoughts. Seconds later, the guards pulled them apart.

"I will not lose control," Spock told her, almost defensively.

Hunger threw her head back and laughed, and one of the guards struck him.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 4/?

ladydreamer

August 28 2009, 00:15:06 UTC **COLLAPSE**

When Spock awoke again, he was dizzy, although the pain inside him indicated that it was not merely from head trauma.

He licked his lips and looked up to see Hunger sitting there at the opposite end of the cell, running her finger along the rim of the cup.

Spock bowed his head and closed his eyes. He could hold out much longer than any human, he was sure. He could resist the sweetened confections piled on that damnable cart. There were even more now, and his heightened Vulcan olfactory senses made it impossible for him to ignore the enticing scents.

"Poor Vulcan," Hunger whispered. "All of your social conditioning hasn't left you prepared for this, has it? Food is something you need, but not something you enjoy. Much like the rest of your life."

She stood, picked up an elongated pastry and walked over to him, waving it under her nose to smell it. "I realize your use of the mind-meld was meant to gain information from me, but I'm afraid I picked up a few things from you, as well. I suppose you aren't fun, are you, Vulcan? You're cold. You are inept at reading needs. You do not engage in activities for the pleasure of it. You cannot *satisfy* her. Your pretty, intelligent ex?"

"Do not speak of her," Spock replied shortly.

"Oh, *Spock*." Hunger fluttered her lashes and dangled the pastry in front of his mouth. "It's not *you*. It's *me*. Only you are a telepath, so you know that it was *you*, wasn't it? It certainly wasn't her fault that she felt lonely in a relationship with you. More lonely than she did when she was actually alone."

Spock's teeth bared, and he felt his anger rising. It should not distress him so to hear of his failures with Nyota, as he had long accepted their parting to be due to his own nature and discomfort with his human side. Hearing them from this woman, however, and now, as she taunted him with the loss of control... It made him burn inside. He closed his eyes, and ran a meditational chant through his head.

"I am in control," he begged.

"And that has done absolutely nothing for you. She left, your planet destroyed, your mother killed, and your socialization has kept you from properly mourning either event-"

Spock let out an angered growl, his eyes popping open, just as Hunger shoved the pastry against his mouth. Cream spurted out, and half of it was in his mouth before he could protest further.

Then, to Spock's horror, he was swallowing, licking his lips, and leaning forward to suck her fingers. She wiped the cream off of his mouth and let him lick that off as well.

"Mmm, what a messy boy... Do you want more?" she teased.

"No," he breathed shakily against her fingers.

"I thought so." She picked up the tray of confectionaries and sat in front of him. Spock shook his head as she brought a chocolate frosted treat to his lips and whispered, "Open wide."

"No," he murmured again. His lips spoke his desires, but his mouth opened, his teeth bit. The sweetness of the food overtook him, and he ate the treat quickly, the fine chocolate smooth and delightful down his throat.

After that one, another, and then another. She fed, and he ate, groaning and gasping for air in between bites. Many were chocolate, but some were of other flavors, some were filled with creams and caramels. The parade of senses washed over Spock as he devoured everything that she brought to his lips.

Spock blinked in surprise when she stopped. The plate was empty, and he was uncomfortably full. He had never overeaten before. It was not something that Vulcans did, even as children. He panted, looking up at her as she wiped his mouth tenderly. Her fingers trailed along the side of his head.

"No need to be afraid," she told him in a tone that oozed with concern.

"I am not afraid," Spock protested.

"Yes, you are. But don't worry. I'm very good at what I do." She returned to the cart and brought over a large chocolate cake, causing Spock's eyes to bulge. "I won't let you pop."



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 5/?

ladydreamer

August 28 2009, 00:16:03 UTC

COLLAPSE

Spock tried to pull away, but to no avail. His body was not listening to him. His belly ached, but when she cut a slice of the cake for him, he lunged for it, eating it sloppily out of her hand as she giggled. In the end he was licking her palm greedily.

"There's my good boy," she cooed, petting the back of his neck with her free hand. "Now, I will make you a deal, Spock."

"I..." Spock closed his eyes, then shook his head. His insides felt so *tight*.

"Clean your plate for me, and I won't force you to eat anything else today."

"I cannot eat anything more," Spock stated firmly.

"Hm. If you don't clean your plate, we will continue." She nodded to a guard, who left and then returned quickly with another cart, this one towering with even more sweet foods than before.

For a moment, Spock stared in dumbfounded silence at the amount of food there. He could not believe that he would be able to eat that much. He could barely believe that he'd been able to take as much as he had.

If he died today, he would not be there if the Captain launched a rescue tomorrow. It was only logical. Or so he told himself, as he could think of no other course of action, and in spite of the pain of fullness, his belly still ached as though he were starving.

He could not reach the cake with his hands. They'd shortened the chains on his shackles to prevent him from protesting or touching Hunger. So he leaned over awkwardly and took a bite of the cake with his mouth. Hunger's pearly laugh rose into the grim air of the cell with delight, and she moved the cake closer to him.

Soon he was taking large mouthfuls, gulping the cake down faster than he could properly chew. His mind bid his body to slow, but he seemed unable to. It was as though he needed that cake just to live. Bite after bite of gooey, chocolate cake, and he could feel his body changing with each swallow. As he neared the final bites, he felt something brush against him and looked down, only to note his stomach brushing against the floor.

"I... I cannot..." he said, looking up at Hunger with smears of chocolate on his mouth.

"Finish those bites or I will pack you full with every confectionary in the kitchen, and you will sit there, eating them and begging for more," she snapped, her voice turning cold.

Faced with no choice, Spock leaned over and began to eat again. Then he licked the platter, feeling heat tinge his ears and cheeks with green. After she finally removed the dish from him and wiped his mouth once more, Spock lay back and stared at his distended stomach.

"I'm proud of you. This was a good session. I hope we do even better next time," Hunger said. The guard removed the other cart, and she pulled what appeared to be a medical tool from her belt.

"I cannot continue to do this," Spock informed her. He was not comfortable with how close his voice had come to pleading with her.

She pulled up his shirt and sprayed a fine mist over his skin. He felt a strange sense of relief, then his belly seemed to expand.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"Making sure your body can handle what we have in store for you. You can only stretch so far, naturally," she said with a smile. She put the device back on her belt then rubbed her hands over his rounded belly in wide circles.

"This endeavor has no logical reason to continue. What is it you hope to prove? Do you wish to interrogate me or to-"

"I wish to do exactly what I'm doing." Hunger stood and walked out of the cell. The force field flickered back up. "Feeding my handsome Vulcan, and making him want it."



"I do not," Spock told her.

"You will." Hunger smiled knowingly and disappeared down the hallway.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 5/?**
Anonymous
[August 28 2009, 00:49:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

My roommate and two of her friends are studying beside me. I've been trying to avoid humping my mattress, and now I need to sneak off to take care of myself.


Well-played, Anon, well-played.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 5/?**
 [i_msoashamed](#)
[August 28 2009, 02:05:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


I was so eager to see the next parts of this I went and commented twice on the other parts. And now that it's finally here I'm...alarmed?

"As he neared the final bites, he felt something brush against him and looked down, only to note his stomach brushing against the floor."



Oh, dear. And since you're taking your time with this fic, that means it's only going to get *worse*. *Hides head under pillow at the thought.*

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 5/?**
Anonymous
[August 28 2009, 02:47:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)



What? You don't ... WANT this?

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 5/?**
 [i_msoashamed](#)
[August 28 2009, 02:52:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I...I want it and I don't want it. Thinking about it gives me a tummy ache in sympathy, but I'm also going to check every day until the next bits are posted. XD

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 5/?**
 [ladydreamer](#)
[August 28 2009, 07:09:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Poor Spock's tummy.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 6/?**
 [ladydreamer](#)
[August 28 2009, 07:03:55 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mwa ha ha

The only thing Spock was proud of in the upcoming days, in spite of Hunger's declarations otherwise, was that regardless of her promises that he would come to want what she was doing to him had, so far they had rung undeniably false. Each time he woke he was sore and lethargic, and by the end of their 'session' his stomach protruded from his gorging. How he managed to recover to any degree between sessions, Spock did not know. The Vulcan body was even more resilient than he had understood it to be.

At the end of a particularly draining session, Spock lay back, staring at his rounded belly that was now peeking out of the tunic of his uniform. The button of his pants had broken the day before. Although he had remained alert to his surroundings, whenever they didn't drug him, he had found no opportunity to ameliorate his situation. There was something to be said for acknowledging that your tormentors were professionals.

It did him no good, however. Nothing seemed to.

"No!" he said immediately as he saw Hunger returning.

"Aww. You're going to hurt my feelings." She came to his side and began stroking his cheek again. It made him uncomfortable in a way that was not quite possible to define.

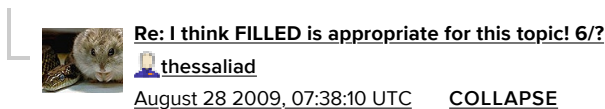
"You have intimated on several occasions that you are attentive to my opinions regarding you; however, your sincerity is suspect," Spock replied, meeting her cold eyes.

Her fingers slipped under his tunic and caressed his belly. "I have something special for you."

"I am not interested in what you would consider to be special." Spock's eyes fixed on her hand moving under his clothing. His emotions lately had been erratic, much less controlled than he would have liked. Although Hunger could get a reaction from his body, Spock consistently refused to submit to her, and he could tell, when she initiated touch like this, that it frustrated her he was not a more willing toy.

Outwardly, she only smiled. "I'm not interested if you are interested."

She leaned over and kissed his cheeks, then stood and left as the guards unchained him, then stuck him with a hypospray.



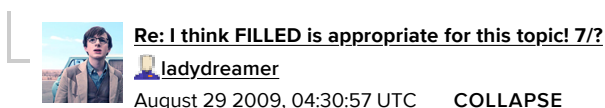
I'm terrified for Spock right now. :(((



Me too, and I even have some idea of what's going to happen. Us feeders can be downright evil.



You owe me a new set of panties. My current pair is soaking wet.



When Spock began to wake again, he struggled against regaining consciousness. Stubbornly, he did not want to wake up. Consciousness would result in more pain, more loss of control. He could feel himself slipping every moment he was awake, and even now he could taste the tang of the lppai they had likely poured down his throat while he was out.

He believed it was only a logical conclusion that the drink piqued the appetite for other desires as well, and it was only due to his severe lack of interest in her that spared him further degradation. He also wondered, almost angrily, if this woman had ever pushed a Vulcan into Pon Farr through this method, given her comments on Vulcans being 'fun.' What would happen to a Vulcan who had been bonded to a creature so sadistic?

It was then that he recognized the emotions bubbling up inside him and his eyes snapped open. Rage. Indignation. Embarrassment... Fear.

Anger he had struggled with most of his life, but many of these emotions were new in their intensity. Despite the provocation of the other children at school and one incident to the contrary, as a child Spock was not prone to outbursts.


He looked around himself only to realize that the 'something special' Hunger had been referring to was merely the cleaning of his cell. And also the cleaning of himself, a much needed gift after all of his time in this room. Spock noted that he had been given a new pair of more appropriate garments. His girth tended to diminish between sessions, but truth dictated that Spock admit his uniform no longer fit. He had also been refitted with a new pair of shackles, which,

upon inspection, would pull back into the wall and leave his hands free the rest of the time.

Thus, his hands moved to his sides, exploring his changed body curiously and with a tinge of distaste. This notion confused him as he wondered what difference his physical alteration made, aside from his concern that Hunger would become careless and permanently damage or kill him.

"Feeling empty?"


Spock looked up to see Hunger entering once again. As a sheer Pavlovian response, Spock felt a rare shiver creep up his spine. He had already begun to feel the burning ache of hunger in the pit of his stomach, and the mere thought of it made him feel nauseous.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 7/?**
[i_msoashamed](#)
August 29 2009, 05:04:19 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)


Oh man. You're just going to torture me by drawing this out, aren't you?

"He believed it was only a logical conclusion that the drink piqued the appetite for other desires as well, and it was only due to his severe lack of interest in her that spared him further degradation."


You know, I kind of like Spock resisting the feeding more than anything. But he has a point about the woman. I don't really think she's sexy either, though she's doing sexy things to him--does that make sense?

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 7/?**
[ladydreamer](#)
August 29 2009, 05:29:29 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

It makes perfect sense to me. I was going to have it go another way, but Spock refuses to be turned on by her. (So I'm glad you like the resistance.) In my mind, she's plenty hot, and could be sexy, but I think I'm blocked by the idea that she's basically raping him with food. o.O

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 7/?**
[thessaliad](#)
August 29 2009, 11:11:24 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm nauseated reading this, but that's a good thing, because it means that I'm identifying with Spock so closely.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 8/?**
[ladydreamer](#)
August 29 2009, 05:23:05 UTC Edited: August 29 2009, 05:24:07 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

As she drew nearer, the shackles pulled back until his arms were hanging from the wall. A short leash, to be sure. Her hands were on him quickly, trailing over his face, first, then slipping under his shirt to pinch and caress his flesh. Although Spock recoiled, she pressed her lips to his and chuckled deep within her throat.

"Oh, yes. Today, Vulcan. We take things to the next level."

"I believe your words are aimed at intimidating me," Spock said, narrowing his eyes at her. He still felt tired and sluggish, either from the drugs or the recent development of sugar dependence. Anger boiled just below the surface.

"Not bluffing this time, my dear Spock." Hunger pulled a cream colored cloth out of her pocket that matched his new attire and began tying it around his eyes.

Without warning, Spock began to jerk against his shackles violently. Hunger jumped back at the unanticipated roar that emerged from him. Five minutes, ten, he continued to fight with all he was worth, irrationally, uselessly, against his unyielding restraints that cut deeply into his wrists the more he thrashed.

When he'd finally exhausted himself, he hung limp from the shackles. A moment later, Hunger touched his chin. Now that his rage had been spent, for the time being, anyway, being blind to what was happening around him was mildly unnerving.

Next he felt himself being slammed against the wall and straddled; Hunger was unexpectedly strong, and her hand

gripped his throat, tilting his head back.

"Open wide, you fat, green-blooded pig!" she growled.

With that she began to feed him pieces of a thick, chocolately confection. It was buttery, with ribbons of caramel running through them, and she shoved one after the other into his mouth. Spock could only chew in self-defense and hope that he didn't choke from the vigorous feeding. She paused briefly to stick a tube in his mouth, which poured in a rich cream to help him swallow.

After that came another round of the chocolate pieces, and another round of cream. When she was done with that round, Spock felt his shirt being lifted, and her hands were massaging his protruding belly. He jumped as one hand moved lower and began to stroke him aggressively, eliciting a surprised cry.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 9/?

ladydreamer

August 29 2009, 05:25:32 UTC

COLLAPSE

To no avail. When he attempted to object, a slice of decadent cheesecake was pushed into his protesting lips. The cheesecake went down much more easily, but now he was getting to the point of fullness again, and the combination of this insane woman fondling him and the pain and humiliation was almost too much to bare.

She didn't stop with fondling, however. Her hand moved up and down his penis and then after giving a brief squeeze to his testicle, a finger slipped up his anus, causing him to squirm uncomfortably.

More protests meant more cake, chocolate with cherries this time, and Hunger kept stroking and squeezing and fingering. Spock could feel his heavy belly pressing against her busy arm. And still she continued to feed and feed, so many different rich flavors that mingled together in his mouth as they were crammed down his throat.

His cry of orgasm was muffled by the tube once again inserted into his mouth. No time to think, no time to remember that he was a person. Just a thing that Hunger would continually fill, until it was all used up. Nothing left.

So distracted was he that he didn't even hear the men outside. His first realization that something was awry was the sound of a phaser and Hunger's grunt as she hit the floor.

"Holy shi-"

"Good, *God*, Jim!"

The blindfold was pulled away from Spock's eyes. He blinked, dumbfounded, seeing only Jim's horrified, slack-jawed expression. In front of him was McCoy, one eyebrow arched impossibly high as his fingers lightly examined his body for damage. His hand touched Spock's face, and Spock flinched as the doctor looked into his eyes critically.

"I need him in sickbay immediately."

"We can't transport out of here," Jim said, as though reminding him. "What the *hell*, Bones?"

"Then we'd better get our asses back to the shuttle, hadn't we?" McCoy snapped his head around and glared at the ensign who was standing there dumbly and staring. "Did we get you out of the Academy *this morning*? Get over here and help me with him. Can't you see he's been *drugged*?"


Flustered, the ensign moved to Spock's side. Jim raised his phaser again and shot the top of each chain in turn to free Spock, and then McCoy slipped Spock's arm over his shoulder. He grunted softly, apparently unable to lift Spock by himself. Spock closed his eyes, feeling the other ensign lift him from the other side and his enormously gorged belly wobbling from side to side as they moved him. Jim took the lead, only looking back at his abused friend once.

"Spock, are you with us? Speak to me, man," McCoy said as the helped him through the hallway as fast as they could.

Spock lifted his head, which felt as unreasonably heavy as the rest of him, and looked at McCoy. As he felt tears rolling down his cheeks, his face flushed green with shame, and he muttered quietly, for McCoy's ears only, "I am still here."



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 9/?

 [thessaliad](#)

August 29 2009, 11:14:45 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)


Oh, poor Spock. I'm so glad that Jim and Bones rescued him.

If I need some aversion therapy towards dessert, I think I'll read this.

I think Spock has a long recovery ahead of him. :(((



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 9/?

 Anonymous


August 29 2009, 15:42:23 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh my. This is going to continue, right?

... And end in sex, right?



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 9/?

 [i_msoashamed](#)

August 29 2009, 17:03:20 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)


"Oh my. This is going to continue, right?"

... And end in sex, right?"

That's what *I'm* hoping happens, but I have no idea how she's going to pull that one off. Spock's been *so* humiliated! :O



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 9/?

 [ladydreamer](#)

August 31 2009, 06:52:10 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

The question is: Can I pull it off... with chocolate? And that I don't know. But I will try.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 9/?

 [i_msoashamed](#)

August 31 2009, 16:55:22 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

When I posted the original request, I was just hoping for some Feederism smut. Instead you have turned it into something awesome and epic! Based on your other peices for this fic, I have a lot of faith that you can pull it off. ;)



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 9/?


 [thessaliad](#)

August 29 2009, 17:11:57 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I would be happy if Spock ended up not having anorexia, and was well enough to give Jim a hug. Somehow I don't really see sex in the near future for these two, at least not until Spock sees a healer for some serious therapy. Maybe a touch of the fingers?



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 9/?


 [ladydreamer](#)

August 31 2009, 05:49:23 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Yus. That's the plan, anyway.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 10/?

 [ladydreamer](#)

August 30 2009, 04:21:37 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

When Spock had disappeared from the landing party, there had been initial concern, but overall Captain Kirk and the crew had trusted that Spock of all people could take care of himself. As time had elapsed, however, the concerns grew into worry, and the worry, in some cases, had turned into panic.

McCoy had looked into that cell and seen something not quite as horrifying as the scenarios that his mind had created, but it was too damn close. Spock was raw, emotional. That woman had her hand *down his pants*, before Jim *shot* her anyway. Given the captain and Spock's friendship, McCoy wasn't even surprised, and it was likely only due to McCoy's urgings to get Spock out of there that kept Jim from shooting every one of the Lar'Gess he could find.

On the way out they'd lost the ensign who had been helping McCoy move Spock, so Jim took his other side, and together they'd made it out and to the shuttle. Jim gave Spock's upper arm a squeeze, and then took the helm of the shuttle, urging McCoy to examine Spock, although he needn't have wasted his breath. McCoy was already pulling bandages out of a compartment in the back and tending to the man's wrists.

There was much that needed to be tended to, and McCoy tried not to gape like a catfish at Spock's distended abdomen. He looked like he was about to drop *twins*. McCoy couldn't even imagine how they'd managed to *do* that to the Vulcan.

Well, no. He could. He reached up to wipe the smears of cream and chocolate off Spock's face with the sleeve of his uniform.

"I..." Spock whispered.

"Don't have to say anything," McCoy told him gruffly. He leaned over to the com and slapped the button. "Scotty. I need you to beam Spock and I directly to sickbay when the Captain gets us close enough."

"I'll grab ya as soon as I can, Doctor. The planet's atmosphere is a right bloody mess."

"Just do what you can, Scotty. We'll take what we can get at this point," Jim told him in a brisk tone. "Kirk out."

McCoy looked over to Jim and blinked twice, then he picked up his scanner and began to observe whatever he could about Spock's condition.

"You... *hate*... using the transporter," Spock observed.

Jim chuckled. McCoy rolled his eyes. "Well. The things I do for the two of you."

"What would we do without ya, Bones?" Jim teased.

"Flunk out of the Academy. Get arrested. Get in *trouble* with that Xyrillian girl you didn't think to research before you agreed to a date," McCoy rattled off as he gently inspected Spock's abdomen with his fingers.


"And you'd still be hiding in the bathroom whenever a shuttle left the ground," Jim shot back.

"And now you have me using that blasted transporter. If I end up inside out on the transporter pad, I'll haunt you." McCoy lifted the loose linen shirt Spock was wearing and blinked at the clearly sore, green-tinged belly. He touched the side experimentally, then withdrew his fingers quickly when Spock winced. He looked up apologetically and was about to say something, when Spock touched his shoulder.

McCoy was bad at reading Spock on a good day, and unsurprisingly, he couldn't read the man now, even with powerful emotions brimming just under the surface. He looked to be in a daze, or even mental shock. McCoy raised a hand and pressed his fingers to a spot below Spock's ribs where he could find a decent pulse, and sure enough, his heart was still racing.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 11/?

 [ladydreamer](#)

[August 30 2009, 04:25:12 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

"Let me give you something," McCoy said picking up his hypospray.

"If it is amenable to your professional opinion, Doctor, I would prefer you didn't," Spock told him in a soft, distant tone.

McCoy pressed his lips together in displeasure. He really would have preferred to give Spock a sedative, maybe even knock him out, but it wasn't absolutely necessary, so he felt respecting Spock's wishes at the moment would be more beneficial just now.

He sighed and shook his head. "Maybe that's best. I'll need to see the chemical composition of what they gave you, check your blood. Don't want to cause any reactions."

"No, you only want to do that to me," Jim joked.

"You're such an infant." McCoy knew Jim was keeping up the banter not because he was oblivious to the situation; rather, he thought that creating a sense of normalcy would help Spock cope with what he'd just been through. McCoy didn't know. He was a doctor, not a counselor. He certainly *hoped* so. Regardless, Spock was with the Enterprise now, and aside from Jim and McCoy, no one knew what had happened to him down on that planet.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 12/?

ladydreamer

August 30 2009, 04:27:14 UTC

COLLAPSE

grumbles about character limits for comments

"How's he doing?" Jim asked, standing as McCoy entered his office. "Is he okay?"

The man shrugged and placed his hands on his hips. "We pumped his stomach, treated his injuries, run his blood work... His GI tract is stressed, not damaged, thank God. I gave him an anti-inflammatory for that, and I've got him on a nutrient drip with actual *nutrients*, instead of pure sugar that Marion Antoinette bitch was cramming down his throat. I'm not an expert on Vulcan biology, but he should be getting stronger. He's definitely not in critical condition, though he might have been if we'd gotten there any later. But is he okay? Would you be?"

"I don't get it. Spock is the most disciplined man I've met in my life, of *any* species. What the hell was that all about back there, Bones?"

McCoy dropped his arms and shook his head. "I don't know what it is, but this drug... It changes the way the brain works. Most drugs do that, of course, and the fact of the matter is, we're all our own little cesspools of chemical reactions. Which is why we have different reactions to the same drugs."

"Distill it for me," Jim interrupted.

McCoy crossed his arms and grimaced. "Whatever they gave him-- and his blood scan *is* telling me that he does have drugs in his system beyond general sedatives-- is probably what caused him to act so different from what we're used to. It's broken down some wall in him, and I don't know if it'll wear off or not. If nothing else, as he's recovering physically, he'll be going through withdrawal as well."

"Am I getting my first officer back?" Jim asked hesitantly.

"I don't know," McCoy answered honestly. He knew what Jim was really asking was, *Am I getting my friend back?* But he couldn't answer either. "But I've got faith in the man. If anyone can come out the other side, it would be Spock."

"That's an unusually positive assessment." Jim narrowed his eyes and arched a brow.

McCoy glowered back at him. "Don't let it get around."

Jim took a deep breath. "What can I do?"

"Well," McCoy said after thinking a moment. "You can talk to the Sleem'Faz government and pump them for information on the Lar'Gess. Ask them what they know about how they might have drugged Spock. Anything that you can get might help with is recovery. I'd guess it's in their best interests not to piss Starfleet off any more by withholding information."

"I know that. I was already going to do that," Jim informed McCoy with a tinge of annoyance.

"Well, then why are you asking a doctor things you already know?" McCoy shot back. He came to Jim's side and squeezed his shoulder. "You're worried and he's your friend, but you *are* the captain, and you know what to do. You do it for any member of the crew."

"But I want to do more for him than that," Jim said quietly. "Maybe more than I can."

"I think we all do," McCoy admitted, looking toward the window. It was harder to admit how it hurt his heart to see Spock in such a condition. As often as they bickered, there was a fondness for one another behind it.

Jim's arms caught him by surprised when he pulled McCoy into a strong embrace. Whether he'd wanted a hug or decided that McCoy needed one, on the rare occasion that James T. Kirk doled out unfiltered affection not connected to sex, he would be hard to deter. So McCoy just held him back without complaint.

But he still couldn't banish the image of green flushed Spock with tears in his eyes.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 12/?

[renuki](#)

August 30 2009, 04:56:57 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I was wondering what happen to the crazy lady. *cackles in glee that she got shot*

hopes Spock will be able to pull through



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 12/?

[thessaliad](#)

August 30 2009, 05:19:30 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm so glad to see where this story is going--it's just getting better and better!

Even if there is no sex, I'm hoping for there to be some emotional intimacy between Spock and Kirk or Spock and McCoy. A want them to help Spock in his recovery from his ordeal.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 13/?

[ladydreamer](#)

August 31 2009, 05:54:21 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

McCoy spent the next few days remaining in the sickbay long after his shifts were over, checking on Spock's vitals, and when Jim had coerced the Sleem'Faz to give up more information, analyzing the samples of Ippai. At first, Spock looked a bit like a pale, deflated balloon. McCoy didn't let anyone in to see him, aside from the medical staff and the captain, of course.

"It is not your shift," Spock observed. He was laying back on one of the beds watching McCoy with a lucidity he had not exhibited since he'd returned.

McCoy turn his head sharply from where he'd been studying the readout the computer was continuously making on Spock. "How would you know?"

"As first officer, it is one of my duties," Spock pointed out. He rolled his head to the side and watched Dr. McCoy attempting to refocus on his work.

"I suppose it is. You're on vacation for now, though."

"You have not addressed my original statement."

"No, it isn't my shift." McCoy knew his ears were turning red. "How are you feeling?"

When Spock didn't answer immediately, McCoy touched his lips briefly, rolling his eyes at himself. "I mean physically."

"I understood your query, Doctor. I am uncertain of my reply, however." Spock looked down on himself. His features seemed to tense for a moment, then he began breathing in and out slowly and deliberately.

That was definitely not good. McCoy approached the bed and bent over Spock. "Where does it hurt?"

"I believe..." Spock paused for a long moment, then winced. "The Ippai is still in my system. Am I correct?"

"Well, yeah." McCoy pursed his lips. "I can give you a pain killer."

"I do not think that will have much effect," Spock replied. "I would much prefer to manage any discomfort on my own."

"If it's the Ippai, I don't know that there's much I can do," McCoy told him apologetically. "We're trying to wait for it to clear outta your system."

"That... would be wise."

"Maybe it would do you good to give you some solid food-"

"I believe the IV is giving me sufficient nourishment. I would be disinclined to feed a need created by an addiction." Spock's brows furrowed. "Please... do not bring solid food in here while the Ippai is in my system."

"I promise." McCoy pulled up a chair. "So you know what it does?"

"I was made aware, yes."

McCoy drew in a deep breath and watched Spock's face. "You do know, y'know, what that means. Whatever happened wasn't your fault."

"I do not wish to discuss it," Spock said sharply.

After a moment of silence, McCoy nodded and moved back to where he had been working.

"You should not be spending so much of your off time in the sickbay. You would be much more productive in your duties if you were to return to your quarters between shifts-"

"Not your call, Spock."

Spock leaned over then, clutching his belly and wincing in pain. It was several moments before he cried out, alerting McCoy, whose eyes bulged as he quickly moved back to Spock's side.

"Nurse Chapel!" McCoy yelled over his shoulder. He lightly touched Spock's arm. "Can you describe it for me? Aching? Stabbing?" He moved the scanner over Spock's form, his face a mask of deep concentration.

"The- The former, but..."


McCoy pulled up Spock's shirt and set his scanners to project to the screen beside the bed. He narrowed his eyes as he scanned the image. He saw no ulcers, no abscess... however, the stomach appeared to be spasming. With a quick rundown of Spock's symptoms, he recognized how this was playing into Spock's withdrawal symptoms, and moved the scanner lower to take a look at Spock's heart.

"Chapel, get me 20CCs of heparin," he ordered. She was at his side immediately with the medicine, and McCoy administered the hypo to Spock's neck. His hand remained behind Spock's neck, and he looked up at the screen again. "You must let me give you a painkiller, Spock."

The two men met one another's eyes seriously. After a shaky breath, Spock gave McCoy a solemn nod. Appearing grateful, he motioned to Chapel, who had already prepared the appropriate hypospray for a Vulcan, and then administered it. Soon Spock lay back on the bed and appeared to relax.



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 14/?

 **ladydreamer**

August 31 2009, 05:57:20 UTC **COLLAPSE**

Captcha: Potato Agent!

"Under normal circumstances... I would use Vulcan neuropressure techniques to send myself into a trace. From this state, I would be capable of reversing the damage done to my body."

"I'm guessin' you've tried this already?"

"I have been unsuccessful," Spock confirmed.

"If you were able to heal yourself, they wouldn't be able to do what they wanted with you." McCoy shrugged. "I blame the

blue juice. It's possible that you'll be able to trance out later, when your system is clean. But if you do that, would you please let me know first? I'd hate to have your body shot out an airlock when you're just sleepin'."

"I will be sure to alert you, Doctor." Spock seemed almost amused at McCoy's agitation.

"Chapel, set up a heart monitor for us. That's the area of most concern right now." McCoy shook his head. "I need to recruit someone whose done extensive medical work on Vulcans. They don't have enough training for this in the coursework on multispecies medicine."

"You are doing fine, Doctor," Spock informed him, shifting himself in the bed.

"Fine has variable definitions," McCoy retorted, arching a brow.

"Indeed, it does."

~~~

"How's our favorite patient?" Jim sang, stepping into the sickbay where McCoy was finishing up with another patient.

McCoy waited until the ensign had left. Although it was no secret on the ship that Spock was being cared for in a private room in the sickbay, no one really knew what was wrong with him. They hoped to keep it that way; Spock didn't need the entire crew knowing the intimate details. Then McCoy looked at Jim pointedly. "He's improving day by day. Physically, anyway. He's not thrilled that I've put him on meds, but he'll get over it."

"He awake?"

McCoy nodded. "You can see him."

Jim patted McCoy's back, then gave it a slight rub. That man's shoulders were so tense he could have cracked a walnut between them. He was going to work himself into a collapse soon, and Jim was going to have to be the one to intervene, he feared. It was funny; at the Academy, aside from helping Bones not succumb to a panic attack, Bones had always been the one taking care of *him*.

He wondered if an extension of that urge had to do with Bones' near vigil over Spock, or if it was something else.

Jim entered the room, spotting Spock quickly. He was looking... pale and a bit more yellowish than usual, but a bit bored as he read over a PADD with a furrowed brow. There was a monitor of some kind strapped to his abdomen and beeping.

"Spock," Jim called out softly. "Getting tired of this room yet? Bones and the nurses bugging the hell out of you?"

"Indeed. It is however a vast improvement upon my previous housing," Spock informed him, setting the PADD aside.

Jim laughed and came to sit by Spock's side. "What the hell is that thing?"

Spock looked at the medical device attached to him. "It is a heart monitor. Dr. McCoy insisted, although since his intervention I have had little trouble."

"...Having to be hooked up to a heart monitor is one of those things a human might find alarming," Jim pointed out dryly.

"But as you and the crew have noted often enough, I am not human." Spock met Jim's eye. "I am not concerned regarding my body's ability to regenerate."

"Then why is Bones so freaked out?" Jim pressed. His lips twitched slightly.

"I believe he is what is referred to as a 'high-strung' personality."

Jim threw his head back and laughed. "Yeeeaah. Love 'im."

Spock dipped his head and frowned.

"So." Jim leaned over to rest his forearms on his thighs. "How're you doing?"

"I believe we were just discussing that very subject."

Jim looked at him unamused. "We were just talking about you physically. I wanna know how you're dealing. Because if it were me? I'd be pissed. I'd want to take that bitch down."



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 14/?**

**thessaliad**

August 31 2009, 06:28:36 UTC **COLLAPSE**

It's so nice to see Jim helping out Bones and trying to make him feel better.

Empathy here is not a good look on Jim--he's just so very bad at it, but at least he's trying.

Thanks so much!



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 15/?**

**ladydreamer**

August 31 2009, 05:58:52 UTC **COLLAPSE**

"The woman responsible is dead. As you know."

"I'd really intended to have her rot in jail, but uh..."

"There is no action of vengeance to be taken, Captain, and any such action would be illogical. There is nothing to be done that would cause the events on Kram to be undone--"

"That's not what I'm talking about," Jim interrupted in a warning tone.

"--and therefore, the most reasonable course of action--"

"Spock, when someone takes your power away like that, there *is* no reasonable course of action. You just have to find a way to get some closure," Jim argued.

Spock looked up. "You have been through comparable events?"

"I... no. Um." Jim pressed his lips together. "I'm just trying to imagine how I would feel in the situation."

"I appreciate your attempts at empathy. I..."

Jim leaned forward in alarm as he saw the mist in his friend's eyes. Spock was slipping. And Vulcan stoicism didn't seem to be giving him the tools he needed to work through what he had experienced.

"I wouldn't have done any better than you did. You know how *I* am with women. And Bones wouldn't play along with her, but he'd probably *pass out* before she had any fun. No one on this ship would have come out of that experience in tact."

"She did not target me because she thought I would be easy," Spock told him quietly.

"Hell, no, you're not easy. You stood up to the Vulcan council when no one had *ever* done it before, you entered Starfleet knowing the prejudice you'd face from us was at least strong as what you faced back home, you tried to have a relationship with a human social stigmas be damned!" Jim stood and paced around the bed. "This is something in you that goes *deeper* than the philosophical tenants Vulcans hold. One sadistic psychopath can't change who you *are*."

"Jim." Spock lifted his chin, his lower lip crumpled. "She broke me."

Jim shook his head. "I don't think she did."

"She did *not* gain what she desired from me." Spock's chest tightened. "However..."

"However far she got," Jim said firmly, pointing at Spock as he spoke. "She cheated. She fucking cheated."

"She..." An inappropriate laugh escaped from Spock's lips. "She cheated?"

"Hey. A cheater knows a cheater. If the test is to change you? She used a *drug* to *strip* away your ability to resist, and you resisted anyway. She *cheated*, and you were *still* in the race when we came to get you."

"This metaphor..."

"May be getting a little muddled. I admit." Jim walked back around the bed and put his hand on Spock's wrist. "But you know I'm right."

"Perhaps." Spock closed his eyes and touched Jim's hand.



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 16/?**

**ladydreamer**

August 31 2009, 06:42:49 UTC

Edited: August 31 2009, 06:46:10 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

The doors to the captain's office breezed open, but Jim didn't look up until a PADD dropped noisily onto his desk. With a bit of humor playing on his lips, he narrowed his eyes and looked up at Uhura, who was standing over with a censorious look on her face.

"Lieutenant!" Jim said cheerfully. "What have I done to annoy you today?"

"What? Nothing. I just want to know what's going on with Spock. It's been a week since he got back, and he's still in the sickbay." She sighed heavily and searched his eyes. "When I ask Doctor McCoy, he tells me that it's personal business. What does that mean? Is he okay or not?"

Jim tinted his fingers in front of him and sucked in his lips for a second, as though thinking deeply. "I suppose that means it's personal, and that it's none of your business."

"It isn't funny," Uhura whispered.

Great. The last thing he wanted was for Uhura to cry. She did care about their pointy-eared bastard as much as McCoy or himself or anyone on this ship. Jim stood, trying to think how he was going to handle this situation. This was why relations with crewmembers were a Bad Idea.

"Doctor patient confidentiality exists for a reason, and if McCoy is short with you or refuses to answer your questions, trust that he's got Spock's best interests in mind." He turned to look over his shoulder at her. "Do you think Spock would want the crew to see him in an injured or weakened state?"

"Is he-? No. No, he wouldn't want that." Uhura nodded and looked down sadly.

"You still care about him," Jim probed.

"I can't shut that off just because we're no longer together," she replied heatedly. "I do still consider us good friends."

"I think Vulcans might be the one of the few species where you can have a rough break up and then still 'logically' keep a relationship going. I haven't told you this, but I'm impressed by how you handled the situation."

"Did you think I'd cause a scene?"

"More like I probably would have." Jim grinned. "You were both very professional about it."

Uhura shrugged and looked at her hands.

"He's no longer in critical condition. Between the medical technobabblety-gook, I know that much," Jim confided in her, stepping closer. "I hope that's enough."

"It's better than nothing," Uhura said with calm gratitude. "The crew worries. I worry, but the crew does as well. Especially with the Doctor cooped up in there, barely leaving at all."

"Bones has taken an obsessive interest in this case. I may have to sedate him to get him to relax," Jim joked.



Uhura allowed herself a small smile. "Thank you, Captain."

"No problem. If anyone asks, you can tell them that Spock isn't dying all over the place. If he were, we'd have a course change toward New Vulcan."

She paused as she turned, then nodded. "I should have thought of that."


"Having someone we love in danger can impair rational thinking in the best of us," Jim pointed out. "I'll see you on the bridge, Lieutenant."

"Back at you, Captain."

Jim turned to the window and stared out at the stars. Staring at other things would tarnish hard-won respect, and he would not do it. He wished, though, that he had more reassurance to give Uhura.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 16/?**  
thessaliad  
August 31 2009, 06:51:43 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)


...and the rest of the crew gets involved. I like your portrayal of Uhura--caring and competent. And I really like Jim not caving and telling her anything substantive. He's doing really well at maintaining his boundaries.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 16/?**  
Anonymous  
August 31 2009, 06:58:00 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Reading this immediately after watching TOS, I realize how perfect the dialogue is. Even--especially--when Jim's being corny.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 16/?**  
Anonymous  
August 31 2009, 14:11:34 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I am still loving this. Loved Jim trying to convince Spock that she cheated and he'll be fine, and the crew worrying about him... I eagerly await more!

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 17/?**  
ladydreamer  
September 2 2009, 01:17:22 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Spock's eyes followed McCoy's figure as he moved around the room, to the readout for Spock's monitor, across the room to look at reports, out the door to check on other patients, and then back again. It was unsettling to have his mind fixating on the doctor in a way it had not before. Before, most stray emotions had been easily quelled. Now...

McCoy might as well have been a piece of chocolate.

"Your heart rate is up," McCoy observed to himself in a grumpy voice. Spock's eyes watched McCoy's dexterous fingers moving over the keypad as he studied the readout.

"I am not feeling unwell," Spock informed the man. At the moment, he wished that McCoy would dismiss whatever reason for which he harbored this obsessive concern and just leave.

"I doubt that, but you wouldn't be the first person in here to try to soldier on instead of letting yourself mend."

Sometimes Spock had no idea what McCoy was talking about. He was not a soldier.

McCoy drew closer and lowered himself beside Spock, touching Spock's abdomen lightly.

"The monitor is capable of giving you an account of my insides," Spock protested, trying to sound as though he did not care.

"I'll be careful," McCoy promised, clearly misreading Spock's concern. "And yeah, it can, but sometimes there's no substitutes for good, old fashioned doctorin'."

"I do not understand why you must turn nouns into verbs."

"Verbing weirds the language," McCoy replied offhandedly.

Spock could not formulate a reply- granted he might not have known what to say if he could- because McCoy's hands were doing things to him that were eliciting more response than was entirely comprehensible. It was some simple kneading, rubbing, and it banished the insistent pangs of his belly. But it also made his face feel hot and his heart pound frantically in his abdomen and his skin tingle in a way that was not entirely unpleasant. He wanted McCoy to stop at the same time he wanted to lay his hands on the man and *know* him.

Hunger seemed to be whispering in his ear, *It heightens desire, makes one insatiable. Sensation, raw hunger, for whatever appetites you suppress...*

Standing up suddenly, McCoy muttered an apology and was on the other side of the room before Spock could say anything more. He stared pointedly at the wall monitor. Seconds later, McCoy left the room.



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 18/?**

**ladydreamer**

September 2 2009, 01:38:23 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

"May I ask you a personal query?" Spock pushed himself up into a sitting position. He tilted his head to the side as McCoy arched a brow at him.

"Sure, Spock." McCoy was leaning against a table on the other side of the room, as though attempting to be casual. Today he was keeping a distinct distance between them, no doubt having misread Spock's reaction to his touches as a remnant of post-traumatic stress, and had left close exams up to Nurse Chapel, which Spock found rather annoying, if for nothing else due to her clear attraction to him. Additionally, he preferred McCoy's gentle, confident hands.

Perhaps he preferred them a little too much.

"I am... not sure why it matters, but I am interested to know if my altered form is disturbing." Spock watched McCoy's frown deepen, and momentarily Spock felt he should not have asked. However, soon he recognized the expression as a mix between confusion and McCoy's attempt to restrain an inappropriate sarcastic comment, and Spock felt himself relax. "I mean, the changes to my body."

"Oh!" McCoy's eyes widened and he shook his head with a grimace. "No. It's not... well. I think it only is as a reminder of what happened to y'down there. Like a scar, or..." He shrugged. "But you look fine. We'll get you healthy again, real quick. You're always tellin' me about your superior Vulcan physiology, right? Put those green blood cells to work."

Spock gave a slow nod. He was not certain McCoy had answered his question.

"I gotta say I always liked a girl with meat on her bones. Jim gained fifteen pounds his first year in the Academy. Then again he lost it doing... extra curricular activities." McCoy cleared his throat. "I mean, working out..."

"I do not need an illustration, doctor; I have divined your meaning."

McCoy let out a deep, throaty chuckle and dipped his head.


Spock drew in a long breath and turned his head to the side, attempting to put the physicality of McCoy out of his mind. He had begun to wonder recently if the glimmers of attraction to McCoy had always been there, if that was the true reason he found himself unable to walk away when McCoy challenged him or the appropriateness of using logic in every circumstance. Logic would dictate that meeting his challenges would be a waste of time, in particular with a person who did not subscribe to Vulcan stoicism. And yet almost every time, Spock had been compelled to take McCoy's bait. Every time, he allowed himself to be diverted, distracted. Was there an attraction underneath his verbal sparring with the doctor?

"Am I makin' you uncomfortable?"

Although the answer was a clear 'yes,' Spock replied, "Not at all, Doctor."

"Mm-hm." McCoy looked up at the monitor and shrugged. "I'll let you get some rest."



When the doctor departed, Spock let his chin drop to his chest. With McCoy gone, he once again felt achingly empty.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 18/?**  
Anonymous  
[September 2 2009, 03:09:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

YEEEEES. It begins.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 18/?**  
Anonymous  
[September 2 2009, 03:49:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)



Oooooo! I'm loving this! :B

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 18/?**  
 [renuki](#)  
[September 2 2009, 03:58:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Poor Spock.

*Every time, he allowed himself to be diverted, distracted. Was there an attraction underneath his verbal sparring with the doctor?*

Maybe. Maybe. :D


 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 18/?**  
 [thessaliad](#)  
[September 2 2009, 12:46:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

*I gotta say I always liked a girl with meat on her bones*

Umm, yeah. You might want to reexamine your boundaries a little bit there, McCoy, especially since your patient just spent a couple weeks fattened up by the witch of the gingerbread house.

I was totally not expecting a Spock/McCoy relationship here--I love the pairing, but I'm hoping that McCoy will restrain himself a little bit while Spock gets his sea-legs again.



Good Job!

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 18/?**  
Anonymous  
[September 3 2009, 01:32:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I am as addicted to this fill as Spock is to chocolate (and McCoy? \*crosses fingers\* :D)

Captcha: Mr impetus

Oh captcha, you're excited for what may happen later too, aren't you?

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 19/?**  
 [ladydreamer](#)  
[September 8 2009, 06:34:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Spock kept his body ridged and his hands behind his back as he walked down the ship's corridor. It was something of a relief to be out of the sickbay, if for nothing else but to have some distance between himself and Doctor McCoy. However the sickbay had provided a distinct buffer between himself and the crew, and he felt, yes, felt, exposed now that he was out among them again. It shouldn't have bothered him; he shouldn't have been nervous, but it did and he was.

"Ah! Is wery goot to see you, Commander!" Chekhov said brightly as he spotted Spock.

"Yes, Ensign. Returning to work is much preferred," Spock replied as they walked together toward the bridge. "I trust that you have all preformed admirably in my absence."

"Has been smooth, sir," Chekhov agreed, bobbing his head like an eager puppy.

Spock quizzed him on the events he had missed while off duty. As they stepped onto the bridge, the crew turned from their stations and began clapping their hands together. Spock paused in surprise.

"Welcome back, Commander," Sulu said with a smile.

The Captain was in his chair, smirking slightly. He'd clearly known they were going to do this. Or perhaps put them up to it.

Uncertain of the appropriate response, Spock nodded and moved to his station. Uhura rose and faced him, her eyes wide. Spock dipped his head slightly and touched her shoulder.

"Long stay in the sickbay notwithstanding, I am fine," he assured her.

"Nothing keeps my first officer down for long," Jim declared.

"Indeed." Spock let his hand drop. Uhura appeared a bit concerned, but returned to her station with a slight smile directed at him.

The following hours were routine and uneventful, which was in a way soothing. The firm but unobtrusive support of the crew, even if they were not certain of the nature of his ailment, was more of a help than he had thought it would be. Perhaps he had anticipated that their reactions would be similar to those he was familiar with among Vulcans; surely if he were amidst a Vulcan crew, they would find him lacking for not healing as quickly as a Vulcan should, for being unable to overcome mentally what had happened to him. Indeed, his crewmates did not seem to judge him at all.

Among the crew of the Enterprise it was a simple matter to return normalcy. They had not seen him directly after the events on Kram Prime, nor witness his teetering on the edge of losing control. It was easy to slip into his persona of the unflappable and inscrutable first officer, and that was a relief.

It was less so when Doctor McCoy walked onto the bridge to have a word with the Captain. His eyes flitted back to Spock now and then, and Spock found himself looking back when he knew the Doctor was looking in the other direction. It was like some bizarre dance between the two of them, and the tension seemed to rise the longer McCoy was on the bridge.

And so the doctor left the moment his business was completed.

Spock hoped that there was not a green flush to his cheeks as their often seemed to be when the doctor was around these days.



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 20/?**

 **ladydreamer**

September 8 2009, 06:35:52 UTC    **COLLAPSE**

It didn't take a great genius to recognize how ill at ease Spock was around Doctor McCoy, and while he tried not to let the fact bother him- he'd taken psychology classes at the Academy and so understood a little bit of what Spock was facing- McCoy sort of wished they could go back to their grumpy bantering at the very least. Instead, Spock was increasingly uptight whenever he was in the room, and McCoy had no idea what the hell to do about it.

Likewise, he also didn't have to be a genius to recognize that there was probably a connection between how quickly Spock had begun to drop the weight he'd gained and the fact that the man hadn't been seen in the mess hall since his release from sickbay.

So McCoy's options were minimal at this point. He couldn't say nothing, not and be a doctor worth a damn. And he wasn't about to send Chapel to have a chat with Spock about his eating habits. His only real choice was to do it himself.

McCoy pressed the chime on the outside of Spock's quarters and waited for a response. He tapped his fingers against the doorframe as he waited, not particularly thrilled with the task at hand.

A moment later, Spock appeared in the doorway. He of course immediately went ridged at the sight of the Doctor.

"Doctor McCoy. I was not expecting you," Spock said stiffly.

"I'd guess not. I'm not in the habit of makin' house calls."

Spock cocked his head to the side and blinked in confusion. "You often treat the crew in their quarters, when their malady is not severe."

McCoy sighed. "I need to talk to you."

"Are we not conversing now?"

"We *are*. But I have somethin' in mind. Would it be too much trouble for me to come in, or would you rather talk in sickbay?"

Spock paused for a long moment then turned to go back inside. "You may enter. I was just finishing my evening meal."

"Oh." McCoy paused then entered Spock's room. "What's for dinner?"

"Plomeek soup." Spock looked at him with a sharply arched brow.

"Of course. Look, Spock, let's not beat around the bush here. You've lost weight pretty damn quickly, and if all you're eating is soup, I know why." McCoy stepped toward him. "I want to keep better track of this, make sure you're getting enough of what you need. I understand if you're having trouble, considering what you went through, but-"

"My nutritional requirements are being met, Doctor. Your concern is unwarranted," Spock insisted.

"Unwarranted, maybe, but the concern is still there!" McCoy felt himself becoming a bit flustered. "Maybe everyone is okay pretending this never happened, maybe the captain and the whole damn crew and even you are, but I can tell you're still struggling, and you shouldn't have to hide in your room for meals just to keep up appearances."

"That is kind of you, Doctor, but that is not the reason I remain in my quarters." Spock's brows lowered into a stubbornly firm expression.

McCoy quirked his mouth to the side. "We'll something's bothering you. I don't wanna push, but not even Vulcans can logic their way out of natural, bodily responses to trauma. It sounds clinical, but I think if anyone would appreciate the *bare facts* of how this works, it would be you."


"Indeed I do." Spock's eyes drifted over to the window. "I know that logically I cannot demand my body to respond in any way other than how it has evolved to respond."

"And yet, you wanna be able to overcome that, skip all the in between anyway. The captain is rarin' to get you over this and have everything be the way it was before we went down to that God forsaken planet, but you don't have to be smiles and sunshine right away. That's too much to ask of anybody. It takes time, and you *are* progressing, even if it doesn't feel like you're moving very quickly right now."

"I do not believe myself to ever have been 'smiles and sunshine' at any time."



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**

 ladydreamer

September 8 2009, 06:37:53 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

McCoy had to laugh softly at that.

Spock narrowed his eyes slightly and looked on McCoy seriously. "You must withdraw your concern on this matter. I cannot eat with the others right now. It is... It is a matter of control. I find that I no longer trust myself."

"Trust... yourself?" McCoy frowned for a moment, trying to figure out what Spock meant by that.

Spock took a shaky breath. Somehow the distance between them seemed to have evaporated, and when Spock's fingers came up to touch McCoy's face, he could only wonder how they'd gotten there.

"Trust myself," Spock repeated, "around temptation. I do not know what will happen. How I will... react. If I will be able to

control myself."

"Well, that's understandable, I guess," McCoy replied.

"I have meditated on the matter daily. And yet, I am still conflicted."

"You think the conflict can be resolved? Maybe it can't. We all struggle against desires we know we shouldn't give in to," McCoy said.

Spock swallowed and dropped his hand. McCoy shivered under the intensity of his gaze and stepped back.

"It is okay for you to not be 100% in control all of the time. What are you afraid of?" McCoy tilted his head back as he examined Spock's expression. At first it seemed blank, but no, not quite. His lips were slightly parted, his eyes intense, and now his brow seemed to glisten.

"I am not afraid," Spock replied after a long moment.

McCoy would have wryly agreed, but he knew that Spock was experiencing some kind of strong emotion, even if he couldn't place what it was.

"I want you to check in at the end of the week if you still feel this way. I'm not the most logical man at the best of times, so I can't advise you on that front, but... I hope you know that you're doing well. I'm..." McCoy pressed his lips together, wondering briefly before he spoke if Spock would even care about his opinion. "...proud of how well you're doing. You should know that. In some ways this would be easier for a human, if he'd survived it to begin with, because we grow up getting instructions on how to deal with unwanted feelings. When the lesson is to have none to start with, you're screwed from the get go."

Spock shrugged his head to the side and raised his brows. "I concede that it is very different. I do not know that you have it any easier."

"Maybe not." McCoy crossed his arms and looked down. "I know that we're a lot better at repressing memories to protect ourselves."

"We are capable of that as well." Spock paused. "You've heard what happens when we repress traumatic events?"

"Whispers here or there. I get the gist that it can cause psychosomatic damage. Me, I could just forget."


"But you could not choose whether or not you forgot," Spock pointed out. "You would not be able to control your subconscious' reactions, nor the way it caused your body to react to stimuli comparable to the stimuli of the event."

"No," McCoy admitted, touching the back of his neck and remembering. "We don't. Don't let me tell you how to feel, Spock. I shouldn't have come here."



"On the contrary, Doctor, I find that your visit has shed light on how my fellow crew members have expected from my behavior." Spock walked over to the table near the wall of his dim quarters and picked up the bowl. "And I find that regardless of cultural differences... perhaps you understand more than I anticipated. Your concern is appreciated."

McCoy let out a relieved sigh. With Jim, usually he needed some old fashioned sense talked into him. Sometimes he didn't know if running his mouth was helping or hurting with this one. "That's good to hear. I'll see you at the end of the week, then?"

"Yes." Spock nodded as he placed his dish in the replicator to be removed. "I have no desire to impair my health."


 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**  
Anonymous  
September 8 2009, 23:40:27 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Huh. I can't wait to see how this unfolds.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**  
 [i\\_msoashamed](#)  
September 9 2009, 02:39:17 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)



Huh, so the Spones is slowly progressing toward sexin'... nice to see they slowed down. But how is McCoy going to be able to admit he's a chaser?

You know what I'd like? I'd like more descriptions of Spock's body. Is he still a little chubby or did he loose it all?

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**  
Anonymous  
[September 10 2009, 06:25:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


I. I shall confess: I come here and f5 everyday to see if you've posted - I'm addicted to this fic.

Also, IAWTC - how's Spock looking right now?


 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**  
 [i\\_msoashamed](#)  
[September 11 2009, 04:50:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

*I'm addicted to this fic.*


Oh good, there are at least two of us. XD

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**  
Anonymous  
[September 11 2009, 09:14:11 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)



Oh, believe me, I'm absolutely hooked. It's nice to know I'm not the only one :D \*Hi5's!\*

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**  
Anonymous  
[September 11 2009, 12:59:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Me three!

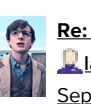

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**  
Anonymous  
[September 14 2009, 02:39:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm hooked too---I check here quite constantly.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 21/?**  
 [ubervirgin](#)  
[September 19 2009, 05:59:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

More please. I love this story. ^\_^

LOL captcah is 11th brutally.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 22/?**  
 [ladydreamer](#)  
[September 22 2009, 03:19:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Although Spock did not desire to impede his health in any way, or to further cause concern in his crewmates, particularly Doctor McCoy (who seemed to have taken a surprising personal interest in his case despite previous inability to keep civil with Spock for more than a few minutes), Spock found himself on more than one occasion staring at his meal, half-finished, and feeling a rolling wave of nausea wash over him.

It stemmed largely from a response to his own feelings of natural hunger, which as he had expressed to the doctor, he no longer felt he could trust. But it also owed a portion to the feeling of his body and how he moved. When he looked down at his work, he could feel the soft flesh of the underside of his chin against his neck. When he sat, he could feel his abdomen bunching slightly. It was merely the result of natural processes. His chin was not doubled, but it was certainly not as sharp as it had been. His stomach muscles had stretched, and thus while his Vulcan metabolism and strict regime had allowed Spock to lose weight quickly, regaining his former tone was proving difficult.

The crew had not commented on the matter in the slightest. Surely, not having been as familiar with his face and form as he was, they observed that he had gained, then lost, quite rapidly, and thought no more of it.

However, Spock was familiar with his body, regardless of the countless lessons of meditation and logic that presumed that corporeality was nothing more than a necessary tie to reality and interaction with other beings. Vulcans lived primarily in the mind. Hunger, thirst, sleep, lust—They are all equal needs, and nothing more or less than means of sustaining a body that would in turn provide a conveyance for a brain that worked on logic.

Reminding himself of these precepts daily did not help to lessen Spock's newfound awareness of various appetites. It seemed that once he had treaded that path, he could not go back, and although Hunger herself had hardly wet the appetite for sex, it had awakened in him nonetheless.

Spock closed his eyes as he allowed the sonic shower to remove the sweat of the day, then stepped out to slip on a simple garment for bed. He would find sleep difficult to come by, as had been the norm since his return, unless the doctor gave him a sedative.

Curling his arms around his waist, Spock sat on his flat, hard bunk. He lay back slowly and stared at the ceiling.



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 23/?**

**ladydreamer**

September 22 2009, 03:23:15 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

"Are you feeling any more in control?" McCoy asked as he scanned Spock, making certain to keep a decent distance between the two of them.

"At times, I do. Others remain nebulous," Spock replied with his large blue eyes staring back at him.

McCoy shook his head. "You're not getting enough complete proteinx. It's not an enormous problem, at least not now, but you're going to have to take in more than broth, or we might have you fainting on the bridge."

"... That would not be desirable."

"No. So..." McCoy bit his lip and looked over a PADD. "I can have a word with the cook about what we can do in the way of getting you better fed. Are you up to having a bit heavier soup?"

"That would not be stretching my limits too far, I do not believe. What did you have in mind?" Spock sounded a bit relieved. McCoy guessed he was just happy he hadn't been ordered to eat a big steak.

"I dunno. I'm a doctor, not a chef. But I remember my mama making some pretty good lentil soup, and her chicken soup had brown rice in it, and though you wouldn't eat the chicken, the rice has protein, or there are soups with quinoa in them. That's a complete protein right there. It shouldn't be *that* hard to meet your dietary needs without shoving you into the deep end."

"I am grateful you have an open mind regarding Vulcan dietary habits," Spock told McCoy, who turned his head at the earnest tone in Spock's voice.

"Well, I wouldn't push any other member of the crew, as long as their restrictions weren't ridiculous." McCoy leaned against the wall. At Spock's brief nod, McCoy continued, "How are you doing with everything else?"

Spock seemed to consider the question for a moment, and he opened his mouth once, then closed it before giving his final answer, "It becomes more stressful to interact with the crew than I had anticipated. Initially it was very simple to return to normal routines among them."

"Well, they don't know how you should be acting. If you're not all healed inside, they can't see it."

Spock blinked. "It precisely seems as though they can at times."

"Have they said anything that would lead you to believe that?"

"They have not," Spock admitted. "It seems that way nonetheless."

McCoy sucked his lips in a moment. "That may be just a feeling, or... not a feeling but a sense you get when you're projecting judgment of yourself onto the people you're with."



"That is indeed possible. I admit that I do not know." Spock looked down at himself and smoothed a hand down the front of his uniform.

"Consider it, when you're with them?" McCoy furrowed his brow, wishing he had better, less vague and less 'self-help' sounding answers for Spock.

The skinny science officer nodded, then looked up to meet McCoy's eyes. "If I am unable to rejoin my crewmates in the mess hall soon, perhaps I would benefit from taking meals with one person at first."

"Huh. That's a good suggestion," McCoy agreed enthusiastically. "Try it with someone you're familiar with first, and maybe then you'll feel confident enough to realize you do have control."

"That was my idea, yes." Spock pressed his palms against the bed he was sitting on. "Then perhaps if you find an evening when you are not otherwise occupied, we could arrange a situation for mutual ingestion of required sustenance."

McCoy stared for a moment trying to parse that sentence. "Wait. You want *me*?"

"If the idea is not amenable to you-" Spock replied quickly.

McCoy shrugged. "Nah, I'm just flabbergasted you'd want to put up with me more than you had to."

"I do not find your company unpleasant, Doctor."

"Huh," McCoy said again. He scratched the back of his head. "If that'll help, I certainly wouldn't mind. It's not like I've got a full date book."

Spock rose from the medical bed and gave the doctor a short nod. "Whenever is convenient to you."

"Yeah, okay." McCoy's head bobbed along without his brain's input. After Spock had left, he was still wondering just what he'd agreed to.



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 24/?**

**ladydreamer**

September 22 2009, 05:22:45 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Kirk's brow furrowed as he pondered his last communication with the Sleem'Faz and tapped a PADD against his desk. He stood, walked around his office, then returned to his desk. Something was off. Their intense alacrity in meeting each of Star Fleet's requests either spoke to an intense conscience on their part... or maybe something else.

He leaned over his desk and pressed the com for the bridge. "Lieutenant Uhura, could you see me in my office?"

"Right away, Captain," she replied after a moment's hesitation.

When she arrived, Uhura's lips were pinched together. She raised her brows in question. "You needed me, Captain?"

"Yes. Uhura, you're a polygot. How are you at reading body language?"

Her brows went higher. "Better than people might guess. I'm not spying on the crew, am I?"

"Maybe later," Kirk joked. He turned to the screen and turned it on. "I've been talking with these Sleem'Faz reps since we left the planet."

Uhura came to his side and looked with interest. "About what the rebel group did to Spock?"

"Y'know, I'm just not easy about that." Kirk looked back at her. "They knew exactly where we were, and they plucked out the Vulcan instead of the captain. Not that I'm complaining, but you'd think, as a tactical advantage, you'd have better aim."

Uhura was silent for a moment. "You think someone tipped them off?" She looked at the screen and watched the

communication for a moment. "Or do you think it goes deeper than that?"

"You tell me. It could be one bad orange in the bunch, but..."

"Run that back and turn it up. Tone of voice communicates quite a bit as well body language, and we can look for tells, too." She met his eyes. "You play poker, right?"

Kirk shrugged to the side. "You know me well."

Together they leaned over the desk and studied the transmission intently.



Yay a update!

...Huh, that does make you wonder, why kidnap Spock when you could go after the captain?

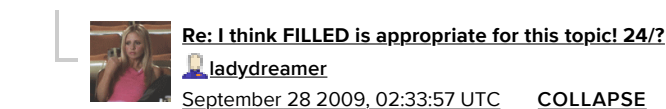
Breaking the Vulcan would be more fun? or something....else?

*After Spock had left, he was still wondering just what he'd agreed to.*

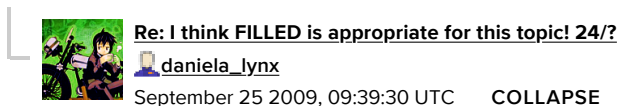
SOMETHING INTERESTING, LOL. :D



Here I was afraid this story had come to a premature end. I was very happy to see an update!



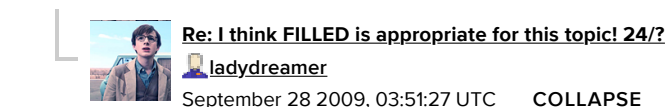
No. I gots plans. It's just harder to squeeze in writing time right now. They're coming!



Ah, screw being Anon 8Db \*happily joins the party. It's... liberating.\*

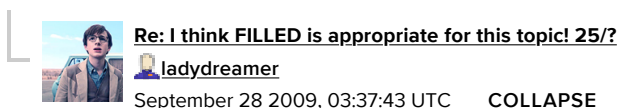
You don't know how happy it made me to see a new update <333 Really, I'm hooked! The plot thickens (pun not intended), yay for Jim /o/ And Spock and Bones, omg, I really want to see how this budding relationship is going to develop.

Congrats, and good luck with the next update. \*bows\*



Loud and proud!

Thanks. :D I'm trying to keep updates somewhat regular. I don't want to drag it out forever, even if other demands steal my attention.



Walking down the corridor on the way to Spock's quarters, McCoy scuffed his feet a little here and there, pretended to

check his PADD for information, and generally dawdled along the way. His heart was pounding with an anxiety that he didn't quite understand. He'd been on edge and short-tempered all day in sickbay; so much so that Chapel had offered him a painkiller and a hot water bottle (which was in no way funny, and he had told her so). At the time he'd accepted the invitation, it had seemed a reasonable request, but the more McCoy thought on it, the more problematic it appeared.

McCoy didn't understand why the Vulcan wanted his company. He wasn't even sure if Spock liked him, but he would do what he could.

Before he knew it, he'd reached Spock's door. For a moment, he stared at the command panel, as though chime would ring on its own. Then he chastised himself for being ridiculous and just pushed the damn button.

The door slid open and McCoy stepped inside, his hands behind his back as he looked around Spock's quarters. Immediately, he caught the scent of something lightly fragrant in the air and narrowed his eyes. Spock rose from where he had been apparently meditating on a small mat with his back to the wall.

"Evening, Doctor," Spock said in greeting.

With a lack of anything to say, McCoy nodded and pinched his lips together. "Evening. How've you been feeling?"

"As well as I have expected," Spock replied vaguely.

McCoy raised a brow and followed Spock to his table, where he had set out a few bowls of soup, a small loaf of bread, and a covered plate.

"Plomeek?" McCoy asked with as neutral a tone as he could manage.

Spock shook his head. "I anticipated the eventuality that you might find plomeek slightly bland, as many humans do. This is ulan, which is generally thought to be more flavorful. Additionally, kreylla bread." Spock removed the lid to the dish in the middle. "As well as roasted torla in forati sauce."

McCoy carefully eyed the plate, which contained several circular slices of... something drizzled with a lightly colored sauce. "I thought Vulcans were all vegetarians."

"We are. Torla is a textured vegetable protein, rich in nutrients. I asked the cook for what dishes would be most appealing to a human palate."

"Ah." McCoy nodded, and when Spock motioned him forward, he took a seat.

This would be an adventure. At least Spock was going to try to eat something solid, finally.

"You are indulging me in this activity. I thought that in return, you could at the very least have an enjoyable dinner. I know that humans often treat meals as an event."

McCoy bit back a smile. "You don't have to entertain me. Getting a few bites of something other than soup into you would be good enough for me."

"You have been very patient."

"Good. That's one of those things I was working on." McCoy picked up the broad, ladle-like spoon and dipped it into the ulan soup. "Cheers."

Spock tilted his head, seeming both amused and somewhat perplexed, but repeated the gesture, and they both took a sip.

"Hm. This..." McCoy licked his lips. "Kind of tastes like... this Thai soup a friend of mine conned me into trying with him."

"I was not aware that Earth had comparable cuisine to Vulcan," Spock noted, looking up as he sipped his soup.

"It's not exactly the same. Just the broth tastes sorta similar. The Thai soup, well, it's just chock full of vegetables, like cabbage, straw mushrooms, and the like, and then noodles and tofu."

Spock paused and took a moment to assess McCoy, as though he weren't seeing the man in front of him who he had expected. "I would not have guessed that you appreciated tofu. It is... a strange food."

"It is," McCoy agreed with a laugh. "And I entirely blame that Thai restaurant for getting' me to like it. The first thing Jack ordered for us was a curry, and the sneaky tofu was hidden in between other vegetables and a creamy sauce. He snuck it in on me. Believe me, I'm usually strictly a Georgia boy when it comes to food."



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 25/?**

**i\_msoashamed**

October 2 2009, 15:36:24 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

*Spock paused and took a moment to assess McCoy, as though he weren't seeing the man in front of him who he had expected. "I would not have guessed that you appreciated tofu. It is... a strange food."*

*"It is," McCoy agreed with a laugh.*

Yay, positive bonding over food! You managed to put Spock in such a fucked-up place after that Hunger chick got to him I wondered how you'd ever work your way out, but this is very nice. :)

Oh, and you "nomnomnom" icon cracks me up. XD



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 26/?**

**ladydreamer**

September 28 2009, 03:40:36 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

"And what would that entail?" Spock probed. "If you do not mind the personal query."

"Nah. 'Course not." McCoy shook his head. He looked up to the right for a moment. "Hm. Georgia food... Shrimp 'n grits. Corn bread. Fried chicken. Chicken mull, that's a stew. Salmon croquettes. Whipped sweet potatoes." He paused and smirked. "That all probably sounds pretty disgusting to you, huh?"

"Disgusting? I do not know. Vulcans have a highly adaptable digestive system. Unpalatable, perhaps. Vulcan customs do follow a vegetarian regime, so much of that would not fall under the dictates of our culture. However, I... do not know what a 'grit' is."

"Ha! Oh, grits." McCoy raised a brow and rubbed his finger over his mouth. "It's sort of a porridge made from *corn*."

"Intriguing."

McCoy tapped his spoon on the side of his bowl. "They're an all purpose food. People'll have grits with breakfast, or mixed in with some kind of meat for lunch or dinner."

"It sounds rather useful. You also use the corn in the bread?"

"We're the corn people. We use corn in practically everything. We used to put corn syrup in all of our foods as sweetener, until it was outlawed in 2030," McCoy affirmed. "The people of North America owe a lot to the maize."

"It would seem so." Spock inclined his head forward. "Vulcan are similarly dependant on a series of roots. As Vulcan is- was a dry, arid planet, they are the most prolific vegetables we were able to cultivate."

"I bet. Is the new colony able to grow their food supplies well enough?"

"A climate similar to that of Vulcan was among the criteria set out for a new colony."

The doctor nodded, and the two men grew silent. As they ate, one would look up, and then when the other did, he would refocus his attention on the meal. After several instances of this on both their parts, McCoy leaned on his hand and bit his lip. Spock looked up, then frowned and tilted his head.

"Doctor?"

"Just gonna eat the soup?"

"That was not my intention." Spock set a slice on McCoy's plate and then one on his own. Then he stared at it.

"Here. Let's just do a small bite," McCoy said, cutting the torla into small bites. He held up his fork for Spock. "Drink some water with it, and it shouldn't be too hard."

When Spock tensed his lips together, McCoy dropped his fork and looked away. "I'm sorry. That was boneheaded."

"It is all right, Doctor McCoy," Spock assured him. "I am not so fragile, I assure you. It was a small lapse."

Spock took the fork for himself and waited until he had McCoy's eyes once again. Then he took the small bite and, as McCoy had instructed, drank some water to soften the food. McCoy breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Spock swallow and clapped his hands

"The accolades are hardly necessary," Spock scoffed.

McCoy pushed his lower lip up as he thought about that. "No, I think they are. You planned this situation out to get your control back, and maybe it's just one bite, but with every problem, there's a first step."

"You are eager to encourage my progress."

"I sure am." McCoy tapped his fork on the edge of his plate. "Wanna try another?"

Spock raised a brow, then began to cut up the rest of his meal.



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 27/?**

**ladydreamer**

September 28 2009, 03:49:30 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

On the bridge, Kirk waited to see the Vulcan liaison appear on his screen. "Thank you, Uhura," he noted before standing to have a word with the ridged, graying man on his screen. "Topek."

"Captain Kirk. You wanted to address me before we continued our journey," Topek acknowledged him with a nod.

"I did. I was hoping we could talk man to man, though," Kirk answered almost jovially.

Topek frowned. "I have no interest in wasting the time of my crew or the Sleem'Faz. Whatever you feel must be said, address me now."

Kirk scrunched his face up slightly as he shook his head. "I just wanna know why you want to go down there. We were only there for a day when an extremist group kidnapped one of our crewmembers."

"The Sleem'Faz are a peaceful people who are developing very potent telepathic abilities. It is logical for the remainder of Vulcan to establish strong ties with them. Our species was once at such a crossroads, and only through the pursuit of pure logic did we prevail. In such a time, the requests of the Sleem'Faz will not go ignored."

"I don't think you should go," Kirk said flatly. "The situation on the planet may be more complicated than you think, and Starfleet has always preferred remain uninvolved in-"

"Do not quote Starfleet regulation to me, Captain Kirk. I am quite well aware of Starfleet preferences," Topek replied, almost seeming annoyed.

It never failed to amuse and aggravate Kirk when he interacted with a Vulcan who was having more than a little trouble restraining his emotion. Especially given the traumatic experiences Spock had endured, only to present a relatively controlled exterior.

Kirk took a deep breath. "I'm not sure you understand. Going down onto the planet would be dangerous. Couldn't you meet with the Sleem'Faz in a video conference?"

"Our plans are set. As an act of good will, we will be meeting with them to further assess their telepathic skills. This cannot be done without contact, and we have yet to see logical reason to withdraw."

Kirk put his hands on his hips. "So be it, Liaison. We won't waste any more of your time. You understand it was necessary for us to do our due diligence."

"Granted."

He was opening his mouth again to speak when the screen cut off. "Lieutenant?"

"He hung up on us, Captain," Uhura said in a sing-song voice, although it was unnecessary, and they both knew it.

"Well," Kirk replied in a high voice. "That was annoying."

"Why was he so defensive?" Sulu asked. "I would have thought a Vulcan of his rank and standing would have asked for details on our encounter. He was almost... protective of the Sleem'Faz."


"He was." Kirk pressed his lips together. "Keep an eye on them Chekov."

Chekov looked over his shoulder. "Are we followink them Captain?"

"Yeah." Kirk thinned out his lips and returned to his chair. "But don't see any reason they have to know that."



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 28/?**

 [ladydreamer](#)

[September 28 2009, 06:00:13 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Spock spotted the Captain as he headed down the corridor. When Jim sped up, Spock frowned, but easily matched his pace and had him cornered in a moment.

"It seems illogical for you to avoid me, Captain. Am I not your first officer?" Spock asked with a perplexed frown wrinkling his forehead.

Jim turned, tensing his jaw and looking up at Spock with trepidation that glimmered just under the surface. "You are. I simply... Well, you said a captain needs to know fear, right? And I'm just basically being a coward."

"Captain?" Spock frowned and looked over Jim's stance, which was not fearful or in preparation of an attack. "I do not know of what you would be afraid. I wanted to discuss with you our current course changes. Are we returning to the planet?"

Jim took a deep breath. "Not necessarily. But we are going in that direction."

"Am I not your first officer? Should I not be aware of course changes, or indeed, why we have made such course changes?"

"Spock," Jim protested. His hands twitched ineffectually. "Walk with me."

"Yes, Captain."


"Look, Spock, I trust your judgment. Sometimes better than my own, you know that," Jim told him.

Spock folded his hands behind his back as he walked alongside Jim. "I suspect I would not be aboard the ship if that were not the case. I hope you are aware that my trust in you is reciprocal. It was necessary that I recuse myself from the captaincy during our altercation with Nero for us to be successful against him."

"I know. It's kind of amazing we got along better after you had the chance to choke me. Maybe not that *surprising*..." Jim paused then shook his head.



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 29/?**

 [ladydreamer](#)

[September 28 2009, 06:01:55 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

"Then I must wonder, why have you not briefed me on our change of course? You have not given me details on what has occurred when I was not at my shift."

"Spock-

"Nor have you mentioned that we shared a communication with a Vulcan ship-

"I was meaning to-

"Nor have you requested my involvement in the continuing discussions with the Kram representatives-

"Spock, I don't want to be the one to reopen *fresh wounds*!" Kirk exploded. He stopped walking and looked around for crewmembers before speaking again. "You're doing *fine*. But I'd be a bad Captain if I forced you into continuing to investigate this."

"The individual responsible for my experiences on the planet is dead. It is not logical to continue to pursue the matter further," Spock informed Jim seriously.

"There's more to this than what happened when we were down there. I'm not just pissed at her," Jim argued. He bore Spock's unswerving gaze for a moment longer. "Okay, maybe, a *little* bit, but there's more to it. I've conferred with Uhura and she agrees with me that the Sleem'Faz who have talked to us since then are hiding something."

Jim reached forward and touched Spock's arm. "And this is still *raw* for you, Spock. It just happened. I didn't want to throw you back into this mess before you were ready."

"I find myself continuously pressed upon lately to disabuse people of the notion that I am fragile," Spock said firmly.

"I don't think you're fragile," Jim argued. "I think you need some time away from this. I think *anyone* would."

Spock turned his head and found himself staring at the wall. "If you find me inadequate, you should relieve me of my duties."

"Don't be like that," Jim replied.

Spock lifted his chin in a challenging expression. "If you are unconvinced regarding my capability to return to work, I am sure Doctor McCoy will be able to provide insight on my recovery."

"Yeah? I heard he's been making a lot of personal calls to your quarters. I wonder why I've not heard anything about that?"

"I imagine the doctor is restricted by doctor-patient confidentiality."

"Hm." Kirk pressed his lips together and ran his fingers over them. "I'll ask him then."

"We seem to have deviated from the subject."

"Maybe." Kirk crossed his arms. "Talk to McCoy. Come to my office later, if you think that you still want to be in on the mission, and I'll brief you. I told you I trust your judgment, and I do."

"I am grateful, Captain." Spock inclined his head forward.

Jim clapped his hand to Spock's shoulder and met his eye. "Take care. I need my first officer."

"You need him for this mission," Spock replied sardonically.

Jim smiled and narrowed his eyes. He nodded a little. "Maybe so."

With a squeeze to the shoulder, Jim resumed his course. Spock looked after Jim, wondering if he was truly ready to investigate the Kram.

\*narrow her eyes at the the other Vulcan\* Okay, that bloody freaking weird. Very weird.

And hrm, at the ending.



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 29/?**

**i\_msoashamed**

October 2 2009, 15:29:18 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

*Spock looked after Jim, wondering if he was truly ready to investigate the Kram.*

Oh noes! They might capture Jim and stuff him with chocolate TOO! ;)



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 30/?**

**ladydreamer**

September 29 2009, 05:55:29 UTC

Edited: September 29 2009, 05:57:14 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

*If I don't die this week, they're be more after the weekend :P*

Truth be told, McCoy kept more of himself under wraps than the Vulcan normally did himself. He was starting to recognize in his interactions with Spock a certain tension that was familiar. A certain tension with a friend back in Georgia that had caused Jocelyn to give him the boot, once she'd realized there was more to their verbal judo than two guy friends ribbing on each other and the origin of his loathed nickname 'Plum.' (Mama'd always said he'd had a streak of lavender in 'im.) But those feelings were irrelevant now, because McCoy had to try giving Spock support in overcoming the psychological effects of his captivity. He wasn't sure if he'd have indulged if Spock were well, but he certainly wasn't going to prey on a traumatized man.

He had to admit, however, that he was starting to enjoy his dinners with the Vulcan.

McCoy looked up from his paperwork as Spock entered his office in sickbay. "Afternoon. You lookin' forward to tonight?"

"Tonight?" Spock repeated, appearing a bit distracted.

"Dinner at my place," McCoy replied unfazed. "Grits."

"Ah, yes. I wanted to... Grits?" Spock cocked his head to the side. "I am impressed that you were able to have that recreated."

"The cook owed me a favor. C'mon in, Spock. What's on your mind?"

"The Captain informed me that I would need your clearance to become involved in the ship's current mission," Spock told him directly, coming up to the desk.

McCoy sighed and smoothed his finger over an eyebrow. "I'm not surprised he's hesitant. He told me what happened." He drummed his fingers on the desk for a moment. "He should've been more direct. But I can't fault him for being careful. If I've figured anything in the past few weeks, it's that none of us know what we're doin'."

Spock tilted his head and took the seat by McCoy's desk. "I am not certain what to make of that. I do not have a problem with what you have been doing."

"Thing is, humans are so variable in our reactions, not only are we going to vary from person to person how we'll react to certain stimuli, we can't even tell how we'd react to the same stimuli in other circumstances." McCoy paused and leaned onto his desk. "So you get why we couldn't speculate how a human would react, let alone a Vulcan. None of us want to see you hurt again, especially now with you're on the mend. Good intentions, bad execution. Jim's still working the kinks in his captaincy. Heart's in the right place, but who knows where the head is."

Spock leaned back in the chair and frowned. "You believe that I should not be involved."

"I think there's no way in Lucy's sweet Hell you should go down to that planet or have *any* contact with any of the Kram," McCoy replied emphatically. "Still, I think you can handle talking about what they're up to with Jim. It's hard to tell what might trigger you at any time, but I wouldn't worry more about you in the conference room than on the bridge. Just be alert."



Spock folded his hands in his lap and nodded. "I appreciate your candor, Doctor."

"Happy to oblige." McCoy licked his lips slowly. "So that's my take. From here it's up to you."

After a long pause, Spock lifted his head. "I wish to be involved in whatever way that I may."

"Don't blame you. Not everyone gets the urge to punish..." McCoy shrugged. "But some people wanna make sure they can't do it to anyone else."

"My connection to my Vulcan heritage is not always... pleasant. However, the Vulcans who are heading to Kram presently may be great danger."



"Could be, yeah. I'll tell Jim to let you in. If nothing else, he could use a fine logical mind to guide him on this one."

"Indeed. And the Vulcan colony hardly has lives to waste on error." Spock gave McCoy a short nod and rose. He looked back to McCoy. "Grits tonight. Should I be anticipating any other forms of corn?"

"Only in the *actual* corn," McCoy shot back with a grin.

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 30/?**  
 [o\\_tempora](#)  
October 7 2009, 21:41:12 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Hope you're still alive because this just keeps getting better. :)

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 31/?**  
 [ladydreamer](#)  
October 26 2009, 04:49:51 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

It shouldn't have felt awkward just sitting around the conference table, but for some reason McCoy seemed to feel Spock's eyes on him before he'd even settled into the briefing. Jim breezed over the important bullet points for the senior staff, prodded the officers for their staff reports. It was a meeting like any other. Aside from the fact that somehow it now felt oddly intimate to be sitting at a table with Spock, and the others felt like interlopers.

McCoy doubted that Spock felt the same way about the situation, if he felt anything at all.

They reviewed the events leading up to the following Topek's ship and McCoy balanced the edge of his PADD against the table. There wasn't a lot that he could input, not without patients to work with. His fingers brushed over his lips and he tried to focus. If they were going back into the belly of the beast, as it were, they would need all of their minds put together. It was how the Enterprise worked best.

What he kept thinking, though, was less and less along the lines of diplomacy with the Vulcans, and more along the lines of why the Hell any Vulcan would find it logical to walk head first into a potentially dangerous situation.

"-keeping enough of a distance so they don't know we're following them," Jim said, pacing around the table. Jim liked to be on the move.

McCoy's eyes drifted to the back of Spock's head, and he found himself idly wondering if the Vulcan's hair was soft or coarse, what it felt like, so neatly trimmed. If Spock even liked to have his hair touched, that was. He probably didn't. He probably didn't like his anything touched.

Right, now he really needed to be paying attention and not wondering how sensitive Spock's pointy little ears were.

McCoy blinked hard a few times and reviewed his PADD while Sulu discussed their flight plan. Not something a doctor could help with, so he just tried to follow along.

He got in trouble again the moment he heard Spock's deep, even tone speaking about his observations of the situation. Before, McCoy had been unable to pick up the inflections of Spock's speech, but now that he was spending more time with the man, he heard much more when Spock spoke.

Emotions for Spock were something that he repressed, of course, but being more adept at reading Spock now, McCoy could tell he was anxious, perhaps even a little impatient. It was perfectly reasonable for Spock to feel that way. These

were his people, and there were few enough Vulcans in the universe now that

"I have spoken with Vulcan High Command, and Topek has failed to respond to their most recent messages. We can assume that he is acting independently in these matters," Spock informed them.

"But are the other Vulcans on the ship with him in this?" Jim asked. He crossed his arms, serious, for once.

"I do not know," Spock admitted.

"I'm just not gettin' his 'logic.'" Maybe that's me as a human, but even devoid of emotion, basic survival instinct applies here," McCoy commented. His first of the meeting. Spock turned to look at him as he continued, "Maybe we can't assume that the traits of the Lar'Gess can be applied to every member of the species, but... regardless, I think it's obvious there are dangerous terrorists on the planet, who have inside info on the security of official buildings, and caution would be the best bet, right?"

"Even with you as a human, I find it difficult to argue with your assessment. Topek's actions are neither logical nor wise," Spock agreed.

Jim tilted his head to the side. "Well. Never thought I'd have first officer and chief medical officer in line on anything regarding logic."

"S'not logic. It's *illogic*" McCoy paused as Spock gave him a look. "I don't care if that's not a word."

Spock ignored the two of them and continued, "It would not require too much speculation to suggest that he may have unexpected allegiances."

"He has something going on. Every movement of his body reads as though he's hiding something," Uhura stated. "I can't tell what, but he gives himself away in every communication."



**Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 32/?**

 ladydreamer

October 26 2009, 04:50:59 UTC      **COLLAPSE**

"What about the Sleem'Faz?" Jim asked her. "Anything new on their end?"

"Not that I can tell. They don't hide their intentions as well as the Vulcans do, but I can't read their minds."

"Given how tricky they are, I'm not sure I'd recommend reading their minds," Sulu said tersely.

"It was the Lar'Gess, not the Sleem'Faz who we've had trouble with," Spock reminded him.

"Yeah. But this isn't exactly like having a Romulan sneak around as a Vulcan. The different factions of the Kram look exactly alike. Whose to say they don't have undercover agents?" Sulu suggested.

"I've thought of that." Jim rubbed a hand over his mouth. "There are just too many variables right now. We need to cut down the less feasible options. I don't want to go into this without a plan."

Spock folded his hands. "We cannot determine a plan without further information. We cannot gather further information without venturing forward to collect it."

"Are you proposing we 'venture'? Because as nice as it would be to read the Sleem'Faz's minds, I'm not willing to dangle any of my crew down there to do it right now," Jim said firmly.

"You misunderstand me, Captain. I believe we can collect further information from Topek and his crew."

"How so?" Jim sat lightly on the table. "I'm not sure they'd be willing to talk right now."

"I wouldn't suggest tryin' t'beam someone over there surreptitiously," Scotty chimed in. "They got their shields up, an' it's gonna come down to a fight if we aren't careful."

Spock inclined his head forward slightly. "No, I believe a more direct method of entrance to their ship would be preferable."

"Offer 'em help," McCoy suggested. "Medical, technical. If they accept, thinking they need to get it cleared up before meeting their Kram buddies, it wouldn't be off the wall to have one or two members accompanying, 'cause, well. You know." He looked over at Scotty with a grin. "We're puny."

Scotty laughed aloud. "Too true, too true."

"And again with the dangling," Jim protested, looking directly at McCoy. "If they find out what you're up to-"

"You think I can't convince a Vulcan their ship's givin' off the particulates that mark a ship-wide outbreak of Terebithan Hog Flu?" McCoy demanded, smirking as he leaned back in his chair.

"Devotion to logic does not make one numb, Doctor," Spock said with a raised brow. "I assure you, a Vulcan crew would know if they were all ill."

"Nuh-uh," McCoy countered with a grin. "In Vulcans, Terabithian Hog Flu has a gestation period of at *least* three weeks before they'd start showing symptoms."

Spock frowned, thinking on that information for a moment.


Uhura had been nodding along, and put in, "I'd advise letting Spock and I handle communications to Topek on this one, since he's already annoyed with you, Captain. If we go through with the plan, having a Vulcan right there wouldn't only be in service of collecting information, but I'd say almost *expected* on the part of the Vulcan crew, to smooth whatever conflicts might arise between them and the medical staff."

Jim nodded his head a few times. "I like how everyone on my crew is so *sneaky*."

"It's exciting, isn't it?" Scotty agreed enthusiastically.



**Okay, time to get to the good stuff 33/?**

 **ladydreamer**

October 26 2009, 04:52:54 UTC **COLLAPSE**

~~~"I must confess, I am not entirely comfortable with this arrangement," Spock said as he set their table.

"Oh." McCoy stopped on the threshold of Spock's quarters. "Well, if you'd rather eat alone-"

"Pardon me, Doctor, I was not clear. I was referring to our plan to board Topek's ship tomorrow. There are many variables that are unaccounted for." Spock turned to face McCoy.

"Oh, you seemed concerned during the meeting. Not going the way you'd hoped?" McCoy seemed relieved as he completed the walk to the table and began to pour their drinks.

"It is difficult to articulate." Spock paused and put his hand on the back of his chair.

"I wonder if you're more worried about the Vulcan crew or those of us goin' over there," McCoy suggested, taking his seat.

"I do not know. Our recent investigation of these events bring into question the motivations, not simply of the Vulcans on that ship, but of the Lar'Gess as well."

"Yeah, the whole situation gives me the skinks," McCoy agreed.

"I do not know what that means." Spock spooned some mashed potatoes onto McCoy's plate.

"It means it gives me an uncomfortableness. I imagine you feel the same. Here. Try this." McCoy took one of the round little balls on the plate between them and held it up to Spock's lips. The thin lips parted slowly as Spock's eyes met McCoy's.

McCoy pulled his hand back and put the food back on his plate. He wiped his fingers with a napkin irritably. "Sorry. I keep forgetin'. It's like I can't eat with another person without tryin' to feed 'em."

"It is all right, Doctor," Spock assured him. He reached for McCoy's hand. "It is not done with malice on your part."

"No." McCoy let Spock touch his hand. Slowly their fingers began to intertwine. "It's... cultural I guess. No one shoves food down anyone else's mouth on Earth, mind, but it's a providing thing. It comes down, I guess, from times when folks didn't have enough. You gave the food you had to the people you care about. Even now when folks do have enough, my mama would cook for us to show us how she felt, especially if we were upset or nervous."

Spock closed his eyes. The physical contact with McCoy opened him up to the varied thoughts and feelings floating through McCoy's mind as he spoke. Spock rarely read people in this way, lacking a necessitating cause, but he had felt drawn to do so. The predominant thoughts moving across McCoy's consciousness were worry for Spock's wellbeing. Concern that his actions would trigger the trauma he suspected might yet damage Spock. However just below that concern was a fondness, a near nebulous affection that mingled anxiety for the self-same emotion. Spock hadn't expected for McCoy to feel so conflicted; he'd always thought the doctor to be confident in his beliefs and actions, regardless of their logic or lack thereof.

"Show me."

McCoy's brows rose sharply. Since Spock had his right hand, McCoy picked up the food and tentatively brought it to Spock's lips once again. Spock could almost feel McCoy's increasing warmth through his hand. He bit into the offered food. It was soft, constructed of a doughy material, well-seasoned, with rice of some kind mixed throughout. Spock chewed appreciatively and then, without thinking, licked the sauce from the doctor's calloused fingers.

This action earned him twin spots of red on McCoy's cheeks. Seeing that look on McCoy's face was pleasing.

"It's uh... a porcupine ball."

"Porcupine."

"Not really just... food humor. It's meatballs, or protein balls. You cook 'em with the rice in them, and it kind of looks like you've got quills wrapped up inside it..."

"I understand. Is the humor a cultural factor as well?"

Spock's senses were flooded with McCoy's warm embarrassment as the man answered, "All humans are capable. I guess it is parta the Southern culture to take the piss outta things."

"Do not be ashamed. I was simply curious as to the values behind your cultural practices."



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 34/?

ladydreamer

October 26 2009, 04:54:50 UTC **COLLAPSE**

Spock released McCoy's hand. He stroked his index and middle finger over McCoy's and watched as the other man's eyes widen first in realization, and then with the sensation of his mind, ever so slightly, touching another. From one to the other, the surfaces of their minds met, mingled. The touch was not forced, like a mindmeld might have felt for a beginner to telepathic connection. Spock waited for McCoy to pull away when it dawned on him what this touching of the fingers meant, but he did not. He simply watched Spock's eyes, with the occasional glance to their moving fingers.

"This... I uh..."

Another stroke of the fingers, and another, then Spock flattened his palm to McCoy's. McCoy shivered. His tongue darted out over his plump, flushed lips. His mouth could not seem to form words, since his mind was at the moment unduly occupied.

As much as the doctor seemed to chatter, his mind seemed fairly quiet, at least at the moment. Perhaps it was because he knew now that Spock could read his thoughts. Barring the initial nervousness, McCoy seemed to be taking the invasion rather well. No anger, no panic.

"I'm fine," McCoy breathed, finally managing words, although his voice was suddenly in a higher register.

Spock nodded once, slowly. He withdrew his hand. At McCoy's somewhat distressed look, he commented, "I do not wish

for you to become overwhelmed. It is very easy to do so, your first time.”

“Yeah? Bein’ gentle with me. I uh... guess I can see why Vulcans aren’t... big on the casual contact,” McCoy managed. “Normally.”

“I would not call this casual contact. I initiated.”

“I noticed. Guess we... we express things very different from each other.” McCoy rubbed his palms against his pants and looked toward the window.

“Have I overstepped our boundaries?” Spock asked directly. McCoy had not seemed offended during the contact, but his quietness now was both uncharacteristic and troublesome.

Nonetheless, McCoy simply shook his head. “No. No, you didn’t. Don’t... Don’t worry about it.”

“I will not do so again if it bothers you,” Spock assured him.

“I’m fine. Y’just caught me a little off guard, and I don’t know what to make of what just happened.” McCoy laughed then and shook his head. “You got me speechless, Spock. That takes some doing.”

Silence reigned for several moments until McCoy cleared his throat. “You should eat.”

“As should you. We both have complex roles to play tomorrow.”

McCoy picked up his fork, nodding absently. “I could ‘see’ I guess, how you felt. You could see how I...?”

“Yes, I could,” Spock replied directly.

“Efficient,” McCoy said simply.

“It can be. It can also be... quite complicated for those involved.”

“Why...?” McCoy twiddled his forked.

“Unfortunately, I do not have a logical answer for you.” Spock watched McCoy’s fidgeting hands. “Such things... Vulcans attempt to make logical connections. However, logic does not always direct our choices in such matters.”

McCoy’s lips jerked into a lopsided grin. “It doesn’t, huh? I don’t think humans are much different in that respect.”



Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 35/?

 [ladydreamer](#)

[October 26 2009, 04:56:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

“Indeed.” Spock looked down at his meal. A heartbeat later, he felt McCoy’s fingers on his own.

“This all feels too big to even talk about,” the doctor admitted in a hushed voice.

“Precisely why I believed it would be beneficial to see one another.”

“See one another. I don’t think I ever really saw you until about a week ago.” McCoy shook his head. “I think I must’ve been blind. Or wanted t’be. Hard to think of you that way, when I see you with a woman like... like her.”

“You were once in a monogamous relationship with a woman,” Spock pointed out.

McCoy only laughed. “Oh, me and Jo. Me and Jo. Everyone knew, everything, about me. Except me and her. She found out later, then... I never meant to hurt her like that. I just never understood myself all that well.”

Floating sadness, dull throbbing pain... Spock mused that break-ups of all sorts must share similar traits.

“I find myself unapologetic regarding your divorce. It is, perhaps, a selfish sentiment.”


McCoy laughed again. "I could say the same for you and Uhura."

"I hope that you do not find me similarly lacking."

"Maybe we won't. Maybe, because we seem to share those flaws that keep our lips shut on things our partner needs to know. Maybe with this helpin' us see each other..."


The remainder of their dinner was quiet. However, their hands kept drifting toward one another.

Sorry, that's it for now.


 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 35/?**
[renuki](#)
October 26 2009, 07:22:26 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh...I hope the plan works.


grins Alriiiight, awesome things are happening. :)

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 35/?**
[alpha2nd2006](#)
October 27 2009, 13:16:58 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I'm sorry, are you understanding how made of AWESOME you are for writing this? Just wanted to clarify that :)


 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 35/?**
Anonymous
November 15 2009, 06:35:21 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Just stopping by to chime in that I'm still reading this. <3

 **Re: I think FILLED is appropriate for this topic! 35/?**
[i_msoashamed](#)
November 16 2009, 03:11:12 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, I'm SO glad you finally got to the consensual feeding! I was feeling so uncomfortable with it all!


But there's gotta be more, right? More feeding of porcupines to Spock, I mean? :D

 **Fanart**
Anonymous
February 17 2010, 06:57:07 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

It's been a while since the last update, but I just wanted to pay you a (very small) homage for the amazing fic, now that the last entry at Fandom Secrets reminded me of it!


<http://i47.tinypic.com/25po95h.png>

Thank you for everything <3

 **I'm totally joining this party >:)**
Anonymous
August 27 2009, 02:36:55 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Alright, I've read these fics enough times and I'm joining in this fun, up in hurrurr. Not to interrupt the flow of the last fill for this, but I'm just saying, I'm gunna be writing one soon too.

Great job to you all on these. They're tastylicious.

 **Re: I'm totally joining this party >:)**
Anonymous
August 27 2009, 04:38:39 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

And here we go. Just as promised, here's what I have to offer:

~~~~~

The situation was quite absurd, really. Kirk thought it would be, anyway, in retrospect. He and his distinguished first officer in the throws of passion, in secret and possibly embarrassing positions. But at the moment, it didn't matter. It didn't matter how it was that Spock was on his knees, hands cuffed behind his back, chain and collar hooking him up to the bed frame, a blindfold over his eyes. And not just any makeshift piece of fabric for the blindfold--a real, black, vinyl one with deep red satin lining. Needless to say, they were both working up to a moment like this, where they could be as ridiculously indulgent as ever.

Kirk wore a vicious smirk as he swaggered near his man, so wrapped up in the hotness of the moment itself. As he crouched before him, brushing his fingers against Spock's sides, he whispered, "Ready?"

Spock didn't say a word, although Kirk could've sworn he saw an anxious grin flicker over his mouth.

Kirk grabbed the container of chocolate frosting and dipped a finger in it--thick and sugary. He popped the finger in his mouth and slowly licked around it, letting chocolate spread over his lips. He placed his mouth just a gasp of air away from Spock's and said, "Okay, let me know if you like this. If not, we'll move on to the next thing."

Spock hummed in agreement and Kirk attacked him with a slow, lapping kiss. When he pulled away, Spock licked at what was smeared across his lips. He bit his tongue and turned slightly greener. "... liked that... But I still want to try... what else you have..." He was already getting worked up.

Kirk ran a sticky finger over his chest as he went to reach down for a double chocolate cookie. He stuck it between his own teeth and leaned in to feed it to Spock. He was going to tug it away from him, at first, but instantly Spock had taken the whole thing into his mouth with just his tongue.



**second part (yes, i forgot to mention this comes in parts)**

Anonymous

August 27 2009, 05:03:12 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

"Ohhh, eager, huh?" Kirk fed another cookie to him. Then another. He ate a couple himself, biting his thumbnail as he watched Spock devour many more.

Spock began to writhe a little bit, rubbing his arms against one another--hot skin-to-skin friction--as his bindings gave him little room to move.

Kirk scooted up to him and clamped a hand to his ass with a smack. "Look at you, my skinny little science officer, you just love that... sticky... sugary... chocolate, don't you?" His voice was melting down to little breathy words.

Spock breathed in heavily and chewed at his lip. He let out a sort of grunt as an answer.

Kirk brought out a box of chocolates and popped a few into Spock's mouth, who in return chewed and licked at them eagerly, salivating with each bite.

"Oh, it's THAT good, eh? Well then..." Kirk lifted an eyebrow evilly and removed Spock's blindfold. Then he got up, carrying the box with him a few steps away. He stood there for a moment, eyeing his officer intently, sucking down a couple of the candies, sliding his fingers in and out of his mouth as he did so.

"Jim..."

"Want some?" Kirk continued to grin.

"Ungh... please..."

"Well, since you said 'please'..."

They kept going like that for a while, teasing and sampling, Kirk sliding his fingers into Spock's mouth, feeding him, looking into his intoxicated and hungry glare. More candies, more frosting, more cookies, small cups of pudding, cupcakes...anything and everything

spongey, moist, and lickable.

Spock's eyes were heavy-lidded. He kept licking and biting at his lower lip... so relaxed, but so hotly excited... His captain was feeding him dizzying, sweet substances. Feeding him.

"Can you guess what the last dish is, Spock?"

"There is more?" His mouth watered again. His belly pouched out, and he was pretty full, but there was so much pleasure and deliciousness... He wanted more.

"Well, we couldn't NOT have ice cream."

Spock let out a low moan and closed his eyes.

Kirk brought the spoon to his officer's lips, sucking the stickiness off of his other hand. Spock wanted to just swallow it all down, but he tried savouring it, slurping it slowly, eyes clenched. With the second spoonful, he could no longer hold back, and he sucked and slurped and kissed at the ice cream with such ferocity.



**third part**

Anonymous

[August 27 2009, 05:24:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sorry, this ends kinda abruptly <\_< ~~~~~ Kirk let out an uncontrolled grunt at his hungry partner. Spock was sticky, panting, full, and had a pleading in his eyes. Something about his literal hunger and his hunger for being tied up and tended to like a pet... Kirk suddenly pulled the spoon from Spock's mouth, mid-slurp, and plunged it into the container, producing a heaping serving. He smeared it from Spock's chest to his stomach. He then began to lap at the melty drips, running his tongue over Spock's expanded, full tummy and ending at the crook of his neck. That was that. Spock heaved towards the captain, but got yanked, and of course couldn't stretch his arms out over him. "Jim," he begged. Kirk ran his tongue over Spock's lips. "Say please." "Please." "No. Say 'please let me go... Captain'." "Pleasletmegocaptain," he panted quickly. Kirk shivered a little at how needy and hot Spock became. He had to let him go then. He unhooked the leash and removed the cuffs... and then, pounce! Which escalated into a rolling, groping, sucking, steamy, sticky, legs-wrapped-around-the-hips bout.



**third part AGAIN (sorry, messed up first time)**

Anonymous

[August 27 2009, 05:27:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Sorry, this ends kinda abruptly <\_< ~~~~~ Kirk let out an uncontrolled grunt at his hungry partner. Spock was sticky, panting, full, and had a pleading in his eyes. Something about his literal hunger and his hunger for being tied up and tended to like a pet... Kirk suddenly pulled the spoon from Spock's mouth, mid-slurp, and plunged it into the container, producing a heaping serving. He smeared it from Spock's chest to his stomach. He then began to lap at the melty drips, running his tongue over Spock's expanded, full tummy and ending at the crook of his neck. That was that. Spock heaved towards the captain, but got yanked, and of course couldn't stretch his arms out over him. "Jim," he begged. Kirk ran his tongue over Spock's lips. "Say please." "Please." "No. Say 'please let me go... Captain'." "Pleasletmegocaptain," he panted quickly. Kirk shivered a little at how needy and hot Spock became. He had to let him go then. He unhooked the leash and removed the cuffs... and then, pounce! Which escalated into a rolling, groping, sucking, steamy, sticky, legs-wrapped-around-the-hips bout.



**Re: third part AGAIN (sorry, messed up first time)**

Anonymous

[August 27 2009, 05:29:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Okay, I dunno why it keeps jumbling my paragraphs together. Sorry 'bout that D:

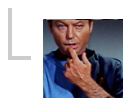


**Re: third part AGAIN (sorry, messed up first time)**

Anonymous

[August 27 2009, 13:40:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I CAME. Thank, you, kind Anon.



**Re: third part AGAIN (sorry, messed up first time)**

[i\\_msoashamed](#)

[August 27 2009, 23:08:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

"my skinny little science officer"



I think you summed up why Spock is such a great target for stuffing right there. And I love the blindfold and that you chained him up!



**Re: third part AGAIN (sorry, messed up first time)**

Anonymous

August 28 2009, 00:33:50 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

YES. That is exactly what most turned me on about this one.

... We should, like, start a club.



**Re: third part AGAIN (sorry, messed up first time)**

[i\\_msoashamed](#)

August 28 2009, 01:55:05 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I think if you're commenting on this prompt, you're already \*in\* the club.

What should we call it? The FTSSO (Feed The Skinny Science Officer)?



**Re: third part AGAIN (sorry, messed up first time)**

Anonymous

August 28 2009, 10:32:18 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

*I think if you're commenting on this prompt, you're already \*in\* the club. <-- IAWTC.*

Man, I don't dare to post with my real LJ right now. This has been my secret kink for, like, YEARS. But I would join that club in a heartbeat. \*fans self\*



**The OP wants to give you all a tribble**

[i\\_msoashamed](#)

August 27 2009, 23:04:30 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

I feel like I've unwittingly created a whole new sub-genre of fic whose whole purpose is to tie Spock to something and feed him chocolate until he cries. Getting \*any\* of my prompts filled is amazing--getting my prompt filled by \*three different people\* is \*astounding\*. Thank you!



**Re: The OP wants to give you all a tribble**

Anonymous

August 28 2009, 02:46:04 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Aw, thank you. I'm gunna name my tribble Freedom. He's bisexual.

But, seriously, I'm glad you actually liked my little contribution there. I'm glad there are those of you out there who share in my deep, dark, pervy, kinky kink--I'm so glad to be in this club ;D



**Re: The OP wants to give you all a tribble**

[i\\_msoashamed](#)

August 28 2009, 02:53:13 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

Freedom is the best name for a tribble ever.



**Re: The OP wants to give you all a tribble**

[ladydreamer](#)

August 29 2009, 05:43:02 UTC Edited: August 29 2009, 05:43:42 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

*I feel like I've unwittingly created a whole new sub-genre of fic whose whole purpose is to tie Spock to something and feed him chocolate until he cries.*

Bwah! :D spock\_and\_chocolate or spocklate?

I think we have a collision of kinks here. And it's truly gorgeous. My kink is actually mpreg, but the major fic sites/groups have a definite blending with the feeder/stuffing crowd, so I'm familiar with the story types and a bunny (do we call them plot tribbles here?) jumped me before I could get away. I'm starting to love this fandom just because my batshit kink is so well-accepted in the midst of everything that's up here.



**Re: The OP wants to give you all a tribble**

**i\_msoashamed**

August 29 2009, 17:31:03 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

Oh man, don't tempt me to start the spock\_and\_chocolate community! Tho further up in the comments someone said we should start a club and I suggested we could call it the FTSSO (Feed The Skinny Science Officer).



**Re: The OP wants to give you all a tribble**

Anonymous

August 29 2009, 18:14:11 UTC

**COLLAPSE**

I kinda like the way it sounds. I second that.

---

#### Diigo backup

Here's the Diigo account I've backed up the fills on- they should all show up soon. It may take up to 24 hours (they're

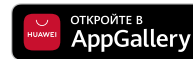
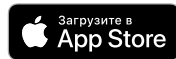
#### Regarding Delicious

Hey all. It's been a while, I know. As some of you are no doubt aware (since, well, you PMed me, haha- thank you for

#### I'm sure we all saw this coming

I'm officially closing st\_xi\_kink. Not due to any recent problems, arguments, discussions or wank, may I add. Pure

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